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The Genius and Passion of Wordsworth.

PART THE SECOND.

IT is not without cause that we have insisted on the passion of Wordsworth's poetry. It has been admired for its wisdom, and doubtless it is wise; for its purity, and nothing can be more pure; for its truthfulness to Nature, and it is ever true to her; but if it had possessed these merits alone and unmixed with passion, it would have lacked what is essentially characteristic of it. Remove from Wordsworth's meditative poetry the element of passion—not the passion which obscures and destroys, but that “unconsuming *fire of light*” which kindles into a more radiant distinctness all that it touches—and it would sink at once into the merely didactic, that is to say the prosaic. Doubtless, however, there are other qualities of that poetry which have been depreciated by many who, notwithstanding, are keen-eyed as to its general merit. Even Mr. Arnold appears to us not to appreciate its philosophic vein. “We must be on our guard,” he tells us, “against the Wordsworthians, if we want to secure for Wordsworth his due rank as a poet. The Wordsworthians are apt to praise him for the wrong things, and to lay far too much stress upon what they call his philosophy.”¹

He then refers to the “Excursion,” as the chief mine of Wordsworth's philosophic poetry, and quotes, but with very little respect, two passages from “Despondency Corrected,” perhaps the loftiest and most sustained flight of truly philosophic poetry to be found anywhere. He next extracts, as if it belonged to the same order of “unsatisfactory” or “illusory” poetry, a third passage, of an unquestionably prosaic character, on the need of national education. But this third passage, which is taken from a later book of the “Excursion,” stands in contrast, not in harmony, with the great bulk of the magnificent fourth

¹ Preface, p. xviii.

book; and the thoughts it expresses are sensible thoughts, but not those

Thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers.

They are the after-thoughts of a reflective understanding, and neither have, nor from their subject could have, proceeded from those great creative energies of blended imagination and reason, which produce genuine philosophic poetry simply because they are an *impassioned* dealing with truths that challenge the affections at once, and the intellect. In the large mass of Wordsworth's reflective poetry not a few passages are to be found which scarcely claim to be poetical; but they are palpably distinct from the body of his philosophical poetry. There is no great poet without his unpoetical passages. Such passages in Wordsworth proceed from the circumstance that, though a great poet, he was not a poet only; he was a moral and political thinker also; and if a particular thought possessed in his estimate a serious ethical value, he did not reject it merely because it made little for his poetry. It was to him a link in a chain of consecutive thought, or it held a necessary, though not an exalted, place in some theme which, while not unconnected with poetic truth, had yet closer relations with the well-being of his country. Such a theme was national education, the long neglect of which might have lasted longer but for such protests as were made in the "Excursion." Nor is this all: Wordsworth more strongly than almost any other poet insists upon the vital character of true poetry; but he knew also that no poetry can uniformly maintain its highest level, and that to descend to a lower is never so pardonable as when that descent is made in order to bring forgotten truths into practical application. He wrote for the weal of man; otherwise he would not have written "*as a true man* who long had served the Muse."

The essentially poetic character which belongs to Wordsworth's philosophical strain is by nothing more shown than by the contrast in which it stands to those occasional passages of a merely didactic character. In them he drops nearly to the level of writers such as Cowper, who in their day did excellent service, both literary and moral, but who were not great poets. It is in reference to them only that we accept the allegation that Wordsworth has no "style." In them the metre also becomes relaxed, or else becomes monotonous from a singular

reason, viz., because the pauses are varied too frequently to produce the *massive* effects of metrical variety. The ear is no more delighted by the mere metrical contrast between line and line than the eye is charmed by the alternations of black and white squares on a chess-board. That variety which carries with it a musical significance is produced by the contrast between whole metrical periods or paragraphs, each excellent, but each different from another; the stream of harmony now winding in long smooth curves, now circling in eddies, now breaking in falls, but every portion wafting along it a separate song. In those didactic passages, and sometimes in others of a merely narrative character, the diction suffers as much as the metre, now becoming prosaic and now failing to be strong. Such passages never substitute false attraction for real merit. They at once indicate their lack of inspiration. The admission is one which truth requires; but it is also one which Wordsworth can afford. *Aliquando dormitat.* It is in the case of the greatest poets that we most vividly feel the difference between the inspired and the uninspired portion of their work. In Wordsworth we recognize the higher inspiration, no less in his philosophical than in his lyrical verse. It is marked by everything; by the more condensed and weightier diction, never artificial, never pretentious, but simple, expressive, and majestic; by the metre, no longer vague or purposeless, but advancing with "the certain step of man," or the musing step of the great thinker; and by that closer interpenetration of thought, of emotion, and of imagination, which means passion.

There are very various forms of poetic passion, and even its less emphatic owe much to it. Of this we find examples in such poems as "The Happy Warrior," and "Lines left on a seat in a Yew Tree." That *personal* passion does not characterize these poems we admit; but that they rest upon an under-swelling intellectual and imaginative passion, and thence derive their power of exciting the reader's emotion, will become apparent at once to every one who compares them with those "moralizing" passages of inferior poets, which rather record convictions long since attained, than embody thoughts quickened during the ardour of composition. It is in this sense that the "Ode to Duty" is impassioned, and no less the "Ode against Jacobinism," for such it might well be entitled, which begins—

Who rises on the banks of Seine?

No one that reads this poem, and especially its fourth stanza—

Weak spirits are there, &c.,

and compares it with the "Thanksgiving Ode," unquestionably prosaic, can fail to recognize passion—that passion which draws the cord tight enough to become musical—that passion which is found in Manzoni's "Cinque Maggio," and Byron's "The Isles of Greece," and in Coleridge's Ode entitled "France." Such poems will seem unimpassioned only to those in whom passion is a feeble thing with a small range. When Milton defines poetry as that which must be "simple, sensuous, and *impassioned*," it is probably to this intellectual passion that he refers, as contradistinguished from the self-possessed serenity with which the intellect works in prose compositions, rather than to passion as a vehement appeal to the personal sympathies. Passion in the latter sense is rarely to be found in his poetry; while passion in the former sense eminently characterizes the greater part of *Paradise Lost*, and the nobler passages in *Paradise Regained*. His political sonnet on the "Piedmontese Massacre" is the most impassioned of his minor poems, far more so than either of those two personal poems, the sonnet on his "Blindness," or that on his "Deceased Wife," yet its passion is wholly of a moral and political order. Passion of the same order constitutes the surpassing merit, not only of many, but of most of Wordsworth's "Sonnets dedicated to Liberty." To have sustained such passion in its elevation through a series of more than seventy sonnets—for to *these* trumpet-peals we cannot apply his own line on Milton's—

Soul-animating strains, *alas too few*—

required a genius ardent in an extraordinary degree. In these poems its ardours derive their sustenance exclusively from the aliment of ethical contemplation. In the sonnet to Toussaint L'Ouverture, passion rises into exultation—

Thou hast left behind

Powers that will work for thee; air, earth, and skies:
There's not a breathing of the common wind
That will forget thee; thou hast great allies;
Thy friends are exultations, agonies,
And love, and man's unconquerable mind.

In "O friend, I know not which way I must look," &c., it sounds the depths of patriotic dejection—

Rapine, avarice, expense.

This is idolatry, and these we adore :

Plainliving, and high thinking are no more :

The homely beauty of the good old cause

Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,

And pure religion breathing household laws.

The same despondent note is breathed again in the sonnet "Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour;" and in that deeply pathetic one, "When I have borne in memory what hath tamed;" while again in those two sonnets, "It is not to be thought of that the flood," and "Inland within a hollow vale I stood," the soul of the patriot-poet, after its long vigil, is again at peace—but a peace such as still makes report of the passion which has bequeathed it. We can but refer the reader to—"Is it a reed that's shaken by the wind?" "Once she did hold the gorgeous East in fee;" "Beloved vale, I said, when I shall con;" "I grieved for Bonaparte;" "There is bondage worse, far worse to bear;" "A Roman master stands on Grecian ground," and the sequel to it; "Advance, come forth from thy Tyrolean ground;" "Say, what is honour?" "The power of armies is a visible thing." All these poems belong to one single series of Wordsworth's sonnets, and each of them is weighty with passion in its diverse moods. We extract but two. In the first, passion is that wrath which comes from a heart that bleeds to death. It was suggested by one of Napoleon's proclamations, and is called, "Indignation of a high-minded Spaniard."

We can endure that he should waste our lands,
Despoil our temples,—and by sword and flame
Return us to the dust from which we came;
Such food a tyrant's appetite demands:
And we can brook the thought that by his hands
Spain may be overpowered, and he possess
For his delight, a solemn wilderness,
Where all the brave lie dead. But when of bands
Which he will break for us, he dares to speak,—
Of benefits, and of a future day
When our enlightened minds shall bless his sway,
Then the strained heart of fortitude proves weak:
Our groans, our blushes, our pale cheeks declare
That he has power to inflict what we lack strength to bear.

The second sonnet is passion suppressed; the passion of a great thought taken up in stillness into a great imagination.

It is entitled, "Thought of a Briton on the subjugation of Switzerland."

Two voices are there—one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains—each a mighty voice ;
 In both from age to age thou did'st rejoice,
 They were thy chosen music, Liberty !
 There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
 Thou fought'st against him ; but hast vainly striven ;
 Thou from thine Alpine holds at length art driven,
 Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.
 Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft :
 Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;
 For, high-soul'd maid, what sorrow would it be
 That mountain floods should thunder as before,
 And ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
 And neither awful voice be heard by thee !

Passion must indeed burn strongly in the heart before it can fling its glow thus high into the loftier regions of the intelligence. That is the reason why such poetry seems cold to readers whose narrower sympathies can recognize passion only in its interjectional form. Its *white* heat is to them snow. Political subjects have often suggested the most impassioned poetry. Those who object to such themes are generally at the political side opposed to that which the poet sustains. They eminently combine the elements of thought and passion.

In Wordsworth's "Miscellaneous Sonnets" passion is less vehemently expressed than in this political series ; but it is absent only in a few. Not many of them are *merely* contemplative, or merely descriptive. With elements drawn from meditation or observation, they mingle another, which rises from a source more vital ; and this it is that brings them back unexpectedly to the memory. Wordsworth's sonnets triumphed early over that part of his theory of diction which, though sound in the main, was incomplete. They sprang from a more passionate impulse than the average of his reflective poetry, and the condensation required by their structural limits forced the passion that inspired them to mount more high. That passion, notwithstanding, burns less ardently in them than in many of his lyrics, resembling rather the soft glow of those garden beds in which rare fruits are rooted.

In the "Excursion," Wordsworth's philosophical poetry may be found in its largest compass, and directed to its highest themes. It would not be difficult to show that in the mass of that poetry, "passionate thoughts" are seldom wanting. In the

meantime we shall answer a natural question. "Why," it is asked, "if Wordsworth's poetry be impassioned, does it so generally avoid those *personal* subjects on which passionate writers chiefly enlarge?" Before this question is answered, the allegation must be reduced within the limits of accuracy. It is true that the Wordsworthian passion, when most characteristic, deals with subjects on which other poets have written ill because they have written coldly; but it is true also that not a few of his poems, while unquestionably *personal*, are also amongst the most deeply, though unostentatiously, passionate. One of these is called "A Complaint;" but to whom it was addressed, no record has been left.

There is a change—and I am poor;
Your love hath been, nor long ago,
A fountain at my fond heart's door,
Whose only business was to flow;
And flow it did; not taking heed
Of its own bounty, or my need.

What happy moments did I count!
Bless'd was I then, all bliss above!
Now, for this consecrated fount
Of murmuring, sparkling, living love,
What have I—shall I dare to tell?
A comfortless and hidden well.

A well of love—it may be deep;
I trust it is,—and never dry;
What matter, if the water sleep
In silence and obscurity?
Such change, and at the very door
Of my fond heart, hath made me poor.

This is a poem of friendship. It is sadder than a love poem, written under similar circumstances, would have been, and saddened the more by the absence of exaggeration.

The "Elegiac Stanzas suggested by a picture of Peele Castle" relate to Wordsworth's sailor brother, who seems to have eminently possessed the true sailor character—one that unites a heroic simplicity, with modesty, tenderness, and a refinement wholly without conventionality. For many years the poet's soul had dwelt within a crystal sphere of imaginative thought; but at last the sword of reality had shattered it, and it had fallen into fragments.

I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air !
 So like, so very like, was day to day !
 Whene'er I looked, thine image still was there ;
 It trembled, but it never passed away.

He then records the shipwreck in which his brother perished, and ends thus :—

Farewell, farewell ; the heart that lives alone,
 Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind !
 Such happiness, wherever it be known,
 Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.
 But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
 And frequent sights of what is to be borne !
 Such sights, or worse, as are before me here—
 Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

The pathos of this poem is far deeper because the sorrow is not that sorrow which, in its feebleness or its spleen, rejects hope.

In the year 1803, during his Scotch tour, of which so delightful a memorial survives in his sister's journal, Wordsworth visited the grave of Burns. The great poet of Scotland had been laid in that grave but seven years before : the great poet of England, then but thirty-three years of age, knew little of the fame that awaited him also, but knew well how deep was the debt which his genius owed to the kindred genius of the earlier, but less happy bard. Almost in sight of that grave he composed two poems, and, in substance, a third. Only the first, and far the least valuable of the three, was published till forty years had gone by. They were too personal, Wordsworth afterwards said, in explanation, for the public eye. He could not have referred to their allusions to the life of Burns, for these are more prominent in the first poem, early published, than in the others. He meant that they revealed too much of himself, and of his impassioned affection for one whom he had never seen. The long delay in publication has caused two of Wordsworth's most memorable poems to remain among those least known. All three are, as if in homage, composed in one of Burns' favourite metres. Few will read without emotion these stanzas from the second—"At the Grave of Burns, 1803."

I shiver, spirit fierce and bold,
 At thought of what I now behold :
 As vapours breathed from dungeons cold
 Strike pleasure dead,
 So sadness comes from out the mould
 Where Burns is laid.

And have I then thy bones so near,
And thou forbidden to appear?
As if it were thyself that's here,
I shrink with pain;
And both my wishes and my fear
Alike are vain.

Fresh as the flower whose modest worth
He sang, his genius "glinted" forth,
Rose like a star that touching earth,
For so it seems,
Doth glorify its humble birth
With matchless beams.

The piercing eye, the thoughtful brow,
The struggling heart, where be they now?—
Full soon the aspirant of the plough,
The prompt, the brave,
Slept, with the obscurest, in the low
And silent grave.

Well might I mourn that he was gone
Whose light I hailed when first it shone,
When, breaking forth as nature's own,
It showed my youth
How verse may build a princely throne
On humble truth.

Alas! where'er the current tends,
Regret pursues, and with it blends,—
Huge Criffel's hoary top ascends
By Skiddaw seen,—
Neighbours we were, and loving friends
We might have been:

True friends though diversely inclined;
But heart with heart and mind with mind,
Where the main fibres are entwined
Through nature's skill
May even by contraries be joined
More closely still.

The tear will start, and let it flow;
Thou "poor inhabitant below,"
At this dread moment—even so—
Might we together
Have sat and talked where gowans blow,
Or on wild heather.

What treasures would have then been placed
Within my reach; of knowledge graced
By fancy what a rich repast!
But why go on?—
O spare to sweep, thou mournful blast,
His grave grass grown.

Sighing I turned away ; but ere
 Night fell, I heard, or seemed to hear,
 Music that sorrow comes not near,
 A ritual hymn,
 Chanted in love that casts out fear
 By Seraphim.

Wordsworth read this poem, still in manuscript, to a young friend. He continued : " If you peruse these stanzas, you will find that whatever power is in them proceeds largely from the circumstance that they include few epithets. Several stanzas have none, as for instance the last ; for the word ' ritual ' is rather a substantive than an adjective." This condensation was owing no doubt to " the seriousness of passion ;" for in his less impassioned poetry the epithets, though always skilfully chosen, are sometimes redundant, the contemplative character of the poet's genius disposing him to regard the objects of his thought from all sides, unlike that most concise of all writers, Dante, who presents one side of them only—but the best.

But passion has it mellow as well as its sharper strain. Those who have stood in that nook of the Grasmere churchyard which is sanctified by the graves of the Wordsworth household, will perhaps remember that of Sarah Hutchinson, sister of Wordsworth's wife. The inscription on it states that she rests beside the graves of two children whom she had loved with a great love. One of these was Wordsworth's daughter Catharine, who died in 1812, when but three years old. In memory of her was written many years later the following sonnet :

Surprised by joy—impatient as the wind
 I wished to share the transport—O with whom
 But thee, long buried in the silent tomb !
 That spot which no vicissitude can find.
 Love, faithful love, recall'd thee to my mind—
 But how could I forget thee?—Through what power,
 Even for the least division of an hour,
 Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
 To my most grievous loss ? That thought's return
 Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
 Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
 Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more ;
 That neither present time, nor years unborn,
 Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

The sonnet which begins,

Even so for me a vision sanctified,

commemorates Sarah Hutchinson; the "vision" being the one recorded in another sonnet which had been a favourite with her. It is as follows:—

Methought I saw the footsteps of a throne
Which mists and vapours from mine eyes did shroud—
Nor view of who might sit thereon allowed;
But all the steps and ground about were strewn
With sights the ruefullest that flesh and bone
Ever put on; a miserable crowd,
Sick, hale, old, young, who cried before that cloud,
"Thou art our King, O Death! to thee we groan."
I seemed to mount those steps; the vapours gave
Smooth way; and I beheld the face of one
Sleeping alone within a mossy cave,
With her face up to heaven; that seemed to have
Pleasing remembrance of a thought foregone;
A lovely beauty in a summer grave.

The same blending of sweetness with solemn pathos characterizes Wordsworth's last farewell to Sir Walter Scott, on his departure from Abbotsford for Naples in 1831, a farewell written on the evening of the day when to each of them the Yarrow had been "Yarrow re-visited," and for the last time.

A trouble, not of clouds, or weeping rain,
Nor of the setting sun's pathetic light
Engendered, hangs o'er Eildon's triple height;
Spirits of Power, assembled there, complain
For kindred power departing from their sight:
While Tweed, best pleased in chanting a blithe strain,
Saddens his voice again, and yet again.
Lift up your hearts, ye mourners! for the might
Of the whole world's good wishes with him goes;
Blessings and prayers in nobler retinue
Than sceptred king or laurelled conqueror knows,
Follow this wondrous potentate. Be true,
Ye winds of ocean, and the midland sea,
Wafting your charge to soft Parthenopé!

If our limits permitted it, there are many more sonnets of this character which we should gladly extract. One of these is that troubled, yet infinitely tender one, belonging to the poet's Scotch tour in 1833, and beginning—

A point of life between my parents' dust,
And yours, my buried little ones, am I.

Another is the sonnet to the pine-tree on Monte Mario, at Rome, which Wordsworth looked on with such deep emotion from the Pincian Hill, on learning that, when condemned to

the axe, it had been purchased by his friend, Sir George Beaumont, and thus preserved. Still more touching are the two sonnets addressed to the portrait of his wife painted by Miss Gillies. They were written in 1838, when he was sixty-eight years old, and may be regarded as his farewell to poetry, so little did he write afterwards. They witness that to the last his genius was not separated from the love that had inspired it. In the earlier sonnet he declared that the portrait had for him no likeness, because the face he loved had for him never lost its youth. The second is a deeper strain. The tenderest illusion, it avers, is a wrong, because the deepest love is that which has nothing to fear from truth.

Though I beheld at first with blank surprise
 This work, I now have gazed on it so long
 I see its truth with unreluctant eyes ;
 O my beloved ! I have done thee wrong,
 Conscious of blessedness, but whence it sprung,
 Ever too heedless, as I now perceive :
 Morn into noon did pass, noon into eve,
 And the old day was welcome as the young,
 As welcome, and as beautiful—in sooth
 More beautiful as being a thing more holy ;
 Thanks to thy virtues, to the eternal youth
 Of all thy goodness, never melancholy ;
 To thy large heart, and humble mind, that cast
 Into one vision, future, present, past.

Such was the evening tribute offered to one whose morn he had celebrated with his "She was a phantom of delight," and to whose "all-golden afternoon" he had addressed that homage of a solemn experience, beginning—

O dearer far than life and light are dear !

Few will deny that in the poems cited above there is to be found a profound emotion at once poetic and personal, though one which reminds us that

The gods approve
 The depth, but not the tumult of the soul,
 The fervour, not the impotence of love.

They are not love poems, but they express notwithstanding far more reality of emotion than is to be found in half the sonnets of Petrarch, a remark applicable no less to several love narratives in the "Excursion," and to the exquisitely touching stanzas beginning, "Tis said that some have died for love." Still, however, the question is asked, "Why did not Wordsworth write love-poems?" The question should rather be thus put, "Why did

he who wrote *such* love poems write so few of them?" He has written love poems. We allude to the five associated with the name of Lucy. The first is the one that begins—

Strange fits of passion I have known.

The second is—

I travelled among unknown men,

with its touching close, addressed to the land he had left—

Thy mornings showed, *thy nights concealed*
The bowers where Lucy played ;
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

The third is that description of youthful maidenhood, which can never be surpassed in its union of the beautiful and the spiritual—

Three years she grew in sun and shower.
Then Nature said, "A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown :
This child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

"Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse ; and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and Heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an over-seeing power
To kindle or restrain.

"She shall be sportive as the fawn,
That, wild with glee, across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs ;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm,
Of mute, insensate things.

"The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her ; for her the willow bend ;
Nor shall she fail to see
Even in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

"The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her ; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty, born of murmuring sound,
Shall pass into her face.

"And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell ;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell."

Thus Nature spake. The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run !
She died, and left to me
This health, this calm and quiet scene ;
The memory of what has been
And never more will be.

The fourth is a retrospect—

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and O
The difference to me !

The last is a dirge, which those who confound the passionate with the exclamatory will do well to pass by, but which to others will appear in its stern brevity and absolute hopelessness, the tragic rising to the terrible—

A slumber did my spirit seal,
I had no human fears :
She seemed a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;
She neither hears, nor sees,
*Rolled round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks and stones and trees.*

That these poems are love poems is certain : whether they were founded on reality, the poet has left unrecorded. We derive on this subject no information from the invaluable notes signed I. F., and written at Wordsworth's dictation by one of his dearest friends in his later life. The biography by his nephew tells us no more than that the five were companion poems written during Wordsworth's winter residence in the Hartz

Forest, at the age of twenty-nine, when "his mind recurred to his native land, and to the scenes of his early youth."

No one was less disposed than Wordsworth to minister to that vulgar curiosity which in these days respects no sanctuary. That species of public sympathy for which Byron had an insatiable craving, would have been to him offensive. The egotism with which his poetry has been charged was commonly of a wholly different sort: the "Mind of Man" he speaks of as

My haunt, and the main region of my song:

in studying human nature, his own breast was the nearest mirror of humanity into which he could look; and it is a human,² not an individual interest in himself that is so frankly revealed in his philosophical verse. He was confidential on subjects respecting which others have nothing to confide; but confidences such as those in which some poets have been profuse would have been against his instincts.

It may still, however, be asked why Wordsworth left behind him so little love-poetry; and to this question the ordinary answer would be, because his genius was serene, not ardent. That reply is the opposite of the truth as we know on the highest authority. The question was once put to him by a friend, and a part of his reply was this: "Had I been a writer of love-poetry, it would have been natural to me to write it with a degree of warmth which could hardly have been approved by my principles, and which might have been undesirable for the reader." To the same question he makes a different answer in his stanzas, "The Poet and the caged Turtle Dove"—

Love, blessed love, is everywhere
The *spirit* of my song.

These two replies taken together explain the mystery. The whole of Wordsworth's nature was impassioned, body and spirit, intellect and imagination; and for that reason he could afford to spend its poetic passion upon a vast range of themes. His genius was both ardent and serene; and he preferred those themes which moved him without disquieting him. Those who knew him well are aware that far beneath the higher and

² We are glad to find that in this remark we have been anticipated by one of our most original critics. "There are two selfs in every man—the private and the universal;—the source of personal crotchets, and the humanity that is our bond with our fellow-men and gives us our influence over them. Half Wordsworth's weakness springs from his egotistical self. . . . But all his power springs from his universal self" (*Essays, Theological and Literary*. By Richard Holt Hutton. Strahan and Co.).

serener firmament of his intelligence there was a region of storm and cloud. As in a moment the clouds would disperse, and all was again an azure brightness and serenity which seemed as if nothing could ever trouble it. He would speak with passionate grief of the death of a child, as if a bereavement forty years past had befallen him the day before, detailing the minutest circumstances of the illness; and yet, if the mood of poetic inspiration chanced to be strong upon him, it might be impossible to draw his attention to a matter of the most intimate concern. Occasionally the same fervour would break out in the form of indignation or fiery scorn.³ These moods sometimes lasted long, and were roused by subjects which move others but for a moment. Thus, as we learn from the "Prelude," before his youthful enthusiasm for the French Revolution had suffered confutation from the event, in the early part of the war he desired confusion to the English arms and triumph to the French; a sentiment which he afterwards repented as disloyalty to his country. In some of these moods grief and indignation were strangely blent, it may be because, all the profounder instincts of his soul gravitating towards peace, disturbance was a thing not only painful to him, but a yoke which astonished him, and moved his resentment. Under these circumstances, it is by no means wonderful if his poetic mind preferred to spend its energies upon themes not as the superficial fancy remote from passion, but in connection with which passion did not mean disquiet, and did not bequeath distress. His range was large. Whether he descended into the depths of man's heart, or gazed around him upon the vast and ever-varying scenery of the external world, every change of which carried with it for him a separate physiognomic expression, or mounted to the heights of philosophic meditation, he moved through regions from which passion could never be absent. It was that fire in his heart which gave light to his eyes, and made him discern in all things that which the cold could not see. But "the man whose eyes were open" could see it. He regarded the poet as the prophet and *seer* of nature, and deemed it to be for man's advantage that, as such, he should help men to discern a glory very near and yet sealed to the many. Men of large natures instinctively prefer to use their

³ We have before us a letter from a friend of Wordsworth, written at Rydal Mount, and describing him in his sixty-ninth year: "What strange workings are there in his great mind! How fearfully strong are all his feelings and affections! If his intellect had been less powerful they must have destroyed him long ago."

special faculties in the highest and rarest region in which they can move, rather than in precincts more frequented.

Before leaving this subject it may be well to remark that the charge so often brought against Wordsworth is an ungrateful one. If he wrote few love-poems, properly so called, he wrote many poems which give the best praise to love by giving the most charming pictures of the lovely and the loveable. He has left us many descriptions which will prove the well-spring of much love-poetry in future times. Thus, in his "Three Cottage Girls," we have the Italian maid—

Such (but, O lavish Nature ! why
That dark, unfathomable eye,
Where lurks a spirit that replies
To stillest mood of softest skies,
Yet hints at peace to be o'erthrown,
Another's first, and then her own ?)
Such, haply, yon Italian maid,
Our Lady's laggard votaress,
Halting beneath the chestnut' shade
To accomplish there her loveliness :
Nice aid maternal fingers lend ;
A sister serves with slacker hand ;
Then, glittering like a star, she joins the festal band.

A very different picture is the next—that of

The Helvetian girl—who daily braves
In her light skiff, the tossing waves,
And quits the bosom of the deep
Only to climb the rugged steep !
Her beauty dazzles the thick wood ;
Her courage animates the flood :
Her step the elastic green-sward meets
Returning unreluctant sweets ;
The mountains (as ye heard) rejoice
Aloud, saluted by her voice !
Blithe paragon of Alpine grace,
Be as thou art—for through thy veins
The blood of heroes runs its race !
And nobly wilt thou brook the chains
That for the virtuous Life prepares ;
The fetters which the matron wears ;
The patriot mother's weight of anxious cares !

If to such fair ideals of beauty, one with virtue, we add those of the "Highland Girl," and her English sister—

A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death ;

The reason firm, the temperate will
 Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
 A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
 To warn, to comfort, and command,
 And yet a spirit still, and bright
 With something of an angel light ;

and close with the three enchanting English maidens of "The Triad," few will deny that Wordsworth did his duty to love-poetry. He gave the premiss, and trusted the human heart to draw the conclusion.

We began by the statement that Man, as acted on by Nature, constituted Wordsworth's twofold theme. In pursuance of our design we have now to show that in dealing with nature, not less than in dealing with man, Wordsworth's higher poetry never leaves passion behind it. In truth it could not have done so. There is no other poet who has so often asserted the dignity of generous passion, and affirmed that the true inspiration comes from the heart :

O 'tis the *heart* that magnifies this life,
 Making a truth and beauty of her own.

No one has more zealously insisted that, when working in isolation, the intellect does nothing of moral worth. Especially he makes this assertion as regards poetry—

If thought and *love* desert us, from that day
 Let us break off all commerce with the Muse,

and of no poetry more than that which deals with external nature, as understood—

By the discerning intellect of man,
 When wedded to this goodly universe,
In love and holy passion.

According to him, the intellect is itself eminently capable of passion, and without passion is incapable of taking in the real significance of nature, much more of revealing it. Further, he affirms that one of the primary functions of nature is, through her thrilling beauty and subtle power, to create or elicit that passionateness, not of the body but of the soul, without which we can never understand the grandeur of that palace which is our dwelling place.

Wisdom and spirit of the universe !
 Thou soul, that art the eternity of thought ;
 And giv'st to forms and images a breath
 And everlasting motion ! not in vain,

By day or starlight, thus from my first-dawn
Of childhood didst thou intertwine for me
The *passions* that build up our human soul;
Not with the mean and vulgar works of man,—
But with high objects, with enduring things,
With life and nature; purifying thus
The elements of feeling and of thought,
And sanctifying by such discipline
Both pain and fear,—until we recognize
A grandeur in the beatings of the heart.⁴

According to the operation of the mind itself the influence of nature's beauty may be that of the Venus Urania, or of her earthlier namesake. By the false lover of Ruth nature's charm had been early felt; but it had been that of the syren:

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of the tropic sky
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of Heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Nor less to feed voluptuous thought
The beauteous forms of nature wrought,
Fair trees and lovely flowers;
The breezes their own languor lent;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those gorgeous bowers.

How different are the influences of nature on the purer spirit as set forth in the bulk of Wordsworth's poetry!

In some instances those influences on the sensitive being of man are represented as exerting themselves almost without the aid of his reflective faculties. Thus in "Tintern Abbey" we read—

Like a roe
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led; more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad, animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract,
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours, and their forms, were then to me

⁴ The Prelude.

20 . *The Genius and Passion of Wordsworth.*

An appetite, a feeling, and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.

Far otherwise, though with not less of passion, does nature
affect the more contemplative part of man's being:

I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man.⁵

In our introductory observations we remarked that, according
to Wordsworth's doctrine, this marvellous power of nature over
man is not a power inherent in her alone, but comes also from
the human mind itself. Her aspects are things half perceived
by man and half created,—

Or by the power of a peculiar eye
Or by predominance of thought oppressed.

The Intellect, he affirms, has been wonderfully fitted to the
external world, and that external world not less wonderfully
to the Intellect, in such sort that the vision of beauty and
glory which surrounds us is not less than a creation perpetually
called into existence by their mysterious commerce. No wonder
then that it exists, as we remarked in the beginning, only to the
impassioned imagination, without which it could be no more to
us than the lines of the prism are to the colour-blind. Nature
first evokes the creative faculty, previously latent in the human
mind, and then becomes subject to it. To find an example of
this reciprocal action and re-action repeated till of the merely
material scene beheld little remains except its essential character-
istics, intensified by becoming abstracted from all accidental
details, we need seek no farther than Wordsworth's description
of the Borrowdale yew trees :

But worthier still of note
Are those fraternal four of Borrowdale,
Joined in one solemn and capacious grove ;
Huge trunks ! and each particular trunk a growth
Of intertwined fibres serpentine
Upcoiling and inveterately convolved,—
Not uninformed with phantasy, and looks
That threaten the profane ; a pillared shade,

⁵ *Ibid.*

Upon whose grassless floor of red-brown hue
By sheddings from the pining umbrage tinged
Perennially—beneath whose sable roof
Of boughs, as if for festal purpose decked
With unrejoicing berries, ghostly shapes
May meet at noontide. Fear and trembling hope,
Silence and foresight—Death the skeleton
And Time the shadow,—there to celebrate,
As in a natural temple scattered o'er
With altars undisturbed of mossy stone,
United worship; or in mute repose
To lie, and listen to the mountain flood
Murmuring from Glaramara's inmost caves.

To see nature thus, it may be said, is to see the invisible. The remark would however apply in some measure to art as well as to nature. "Look at the ruins of that monastery!" we have heard an ardent lover of Gothic architecture exclaim. "Whence is its strange and satisfying harmony? Its pointed gables stand in such happy proportion to each other, the lower to the higher, and all to the tower that rises above them, that the eye unconsciously runs along them, and connects them by the lines of an invisible masonry! It is the fabric unseen that gives its grace to the fabric your eye rests upon." In thus borrowing from the unseen, as in all her strivings, art but imitates nature.

Wordsworth's poetry includes no other passage in which the description passes so far beyond the mere literal truth of fact; but in thus passing it clasps the ideal truth all the more closely. The "sable roof" of those yew trees is not really sable; but it is so dark that to the imagination it becomes a funeral pall. The red "unrejoicing berries" do not *deck* it, and are not there for "festal purpose;" but they would be festal elsewhere, as the berries of the Christmas hollies, though here by contrast their brightness but enhances the gloom which it cannot dissipate. No ghostly guests kneel among the mossy altar-stones or lie and listen to the far-off mountain floods; but were such dread visitants permitted to the earth they could not choose a more fitting precinct, or be shadowed forth in outlines more spectral yet more strong. The reader, like the poet, leaves behind him the actual scene, to follow and grope after its meanings. He is like one who among the images evoked by some potent strain of music, forgets the music itself.

In dealing with nature thus daringly Wordsworth but obeyed the instincts which had moulded his being, from its earliest development, now with delight, and now with awe. Such moods

are recorded in the first book of the "Prelude." Before they had invested him with power they had visited him with awe. Here is a specimen of the darker visitation. One summer evening in boyhood he had leaped into a boat, and, with a light heart, rowed in a direct course away from the cliff, on the summit of which his eye was fixed ;

When from behind that craggy steep, till then
The horizon's bound, a huge peak, black and huge,
As if with voluntary power instinct,
Upreared its head. I struck, and struck again,
And, growing still in stature, the grim shape
Towered up between me and the stars, and still,
For so it seemed, with purpose of its own,
And measured motion like a living thing,
Strode after me. With trembling oars I turned,
And through the silent water stole my way
Back to the covert.

Many days, my brain
Worked with a dim and undetermined sense
Of unknown modes of being ; o'er my thoughts
There hung a darkness, call it solitude,
Of blank desertion. No familiar shapes
Remained, no pleasant images of trees,
Of sea or sky, no colours of green fields ;
But huge and mighty forms, that do not live
Like living men, moved slowly through the mind
By day, and were a trouble to my dreams.

Yet he who felt this *panic*—a word derived, it will be remembered, from Pan, that god of lonely places, who to the Greek symbolized infinity—was a man of peculiar robustness, physical and moral ! The same robustness was united with the same imaginative sensibilities—sensibilities possessed in a degree which can hardly be conceived in ages of conventionality, or ages of science—by all the nobler races, so long as they retained something of their early barbaric simplicity ; and mythologies were thus created. The lively imagination of the Greek hated to be over-awed ; it early refused to wrestle with the problem of Nature taken as a whole ; it broke up the vast into parts and dealt with them separately, the rivers becoming nymphs, the waves nereids, and Pan himself sinking into the pastoral god. For the northern races awe was "a pleasing fear," and the infinite ever remained a background to the ceaseless warfare between their mountainous "Frost-giants" and the Valhalla gods who reigned in the higher skies. That imaginative instinct

which, when blended with immemorial traditions, produced mythologies in the olden day, produces in modern times that poetry which has most about it of deep and sincere impulse.—the poetry of the Bard, not the “man of letters.” The two passages extracted above would by themselves suffice to show that Wordsworth was a true son of the north, and that had he lived a few thousand years earlier he would have sung his hymns among the Scandinavian pine-woods, not under the pillars of the Parthenon.

Wordsworth's mode of dealing with nature was as special to himself as Shakespeare's mode of illustrating character was special to Shakespeare. Our poetic literature abounds in natural description, which may generally, as regards the poetry of the last two centuries, be referred to two types. The first of these sets before us a series of objects, trees, fields, or flowers, not in harmonized combination, but each by itself. A succession of images may thus be exhibited, agreeable from their beauty or their prettiness, and striking from their resemblance to nature, but with nothing that powerfully affects either the imagination or the sympathies, nothing that illustrates nature in her largeness, nothing that does more than note the broderies on the hem of her garment. A nobler species of description is to be found in several poets of a later date, Byron amongst others, who possessed a wider imagination and a deeper sense of beauty, as well as a knowledge of the mode in which nature has been treated by the great painters. Some of these poets have learned to understand nature at least as much in the galleries as in the fields; and several have made an ample return, supplying admirable subjects for the Poussins and the Claudes of a future day. To neither of these classes is Wordsworth referable. In some few instances he depicts separate and minute objects with vividness, but this is because in those cases, as in the poem called “The Thorn,” such objects, either through harmony or through contrast, sound the key-note of something more than themselves, or because, as in some of his “Poems of the Fancy,” a caprice makes him for the moment throw himself upon his lower faculties. More often he presents, not, indeed, a landscape picture—very few such are to be found in his descriptive poetry—but a fragment of one, as splendid as those fragments of rainbow light snatched up by driving mist, which never make us wish for the perfect arch. But, in the main, his method is wholly different: he paints neither the detached

feature nor the graduated landscape with its harmonized distances, receding each behind each. The poetry which does this descends from her highest dignity, and becomes the hand-maid of a sister art. He paints *the scene*, and the soul of that scene. He passes by, as irrelevant, multitudes of natural objects with which other poets, as, for instance, Scott, would most ably, and from real love for nature, have enriched their pages. Such objects may with a rightful appeal solicit the eye of Nature's wandering guest. But it was not as a guest but as a thoughtful inmate that Wordsworth fixed his regard on such natural scenes; and their brightest embellishments might to him be but accidents, and almost impertinences, if they did not help to express the meaning of each scene. He came to nature for her oracles, not for her *obiter dicta* or her charming babblings.

Examples of this habit might be cited almost at a random reference to his works. In the well-known poem, "I wandered lonely as a cloud," the description includes but the margin of a bay and the long galaxy of daffodils that "outdid the sparkling waves in glee;" and anything more of detail would have proved fatal to that singleness of effect with which the general character of the scene is set forth. The poet saw the daffodils because he saw little else, and he saw them in such sort that both for him and for his readers thenceforth—

They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude.

Again in the lines entitled, "Stepping Westward." Long after sunset the poet and his sister are walking on the shore of Loch Katrine. They are "in a strange land, and far from home ;"

The dewy ground was dark and cold ;
Behind, all gloomy to behold ;

but right in face is a sky whose sunset splendours seem to widen into an infinity, and the wanderers are irresistibly impelled to advance. Two women meet them, and one greets them with the friendly salutation, "What, you are stepping westward."

The voice was soft, and she who spake
Was walking by her native lake ;
The salutation had to me
The very sound of courtesy ;
Its power was felt ; and while my eye
Was fixed upon the glowing sky,

The echo of the voice enwrought
A human sweetness with the thought
Of travelling through the world that lay
Before me in my endless way.

Is this a landscape? No; it is a scene, but a scene transfigured, the soul of the scene shining through its body. There is enough dimly to suggest the features of that scene, but only to suggest them—a glory in front, a dewy gloom behind; at one side a still and gleaming lake, and all around a measureless peace. Another poet would have told us what rocks bordered the lake, what trees overhung it, and how many mountain ranges rose in the distance. That is, he would have painted a landscape; but Wordsworth was contented with a single passage from nature's *Liber Veritatis*. When he is uninspired Wordsworth is often prolix; but in this poem, and hundreds like it, the power lies in the brevity. Few poets know how to be brief. It is in this inspired selectness, not in an ostentatious close-packing, whether of thoughts or of images, that true conciseness consists. It gives us *multum*, not *multa*. In Wordsworth such conciseness did not come from art, it was a necessity inherent in his inspiration when that inspiration was on him. Such is the conciseness of such lines as—

The silence that is in the starry sky,
The sleep that is *among* the lonely hills,

and nearly every descriptive touch in the "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," such as—

The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep—
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng;
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep.

It is only because the poet has within himself a habitual passionate sensibility, that he can understand and transmit nature's messages:

The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality:—

But ere yet it had kept its sorrowful vigil that eye, even in childhood, had possessed its own inherent creative power—a power that enabled it to discern, not that which does not exist, but that which does not exist for those who have no "spiritual discernment" of nature. For a true discernment the visible

creation, even its most ordinary scenes, ever retains that glory which at the moment of its creation it possessed for the angelic host. For Wordsworth's eye, in childhood, it remained "the resplendent miracle:"

The earth and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory, and the freshness of a dream.

For this reason in Wordsworth's peculiar interpretation of nature (a better expression than delineation) the secret of power is often to be found in a touch or two. Thus we have the sonnet composed on Westminster Bridge with its

The river glideth at its own sweet will ;

the one beginning, "Mark the concentrated hazels," with the lines,

And thou, grey stone, the pensive likeness keep
Of a dark chamber where the mighty sleep:

the nobly-written sonnet to Lady Beaumont, which ends—

And these perennial bowers and murmuring pines
Be gracious as the music and the bloom,
And all the mighty ravishment of spring.

The charm of language often adds wonderfully to the power of his descriptive passages, especially in some among his later sonnets, such as those in his Scotch tours of 1831 and 1833, beginning, "Say, ye far-travelled clouds, far-seeing hills"—"Though joy attend thee, orient at the birth"—"There's not a nook within this solemn pass"—"Greta, what fearful listening!"—"Broken in fortune, but in mind entire"—"Hope smiled when your nativity was cast." The same charm greatly enhances also the descriptive passages, so finely blended with human pathos, in the beginning and at the close of "The White Doe of Rylstone." Such language is indeed "a transparent diction which holds, as in a crystal shrine, a subtle train of thought and feeling, that seems so intimately united with the peculiar words in which it is uttered as to be almost one with them."⁶ Nature is never more entirely nature, in Wordsworth's poetry, than when she is associated with the humanities. It is not an accommodation of the one theme to the other. They belong to each other like two children that play on the same cottage floor. An admirable critic has re-

⁶ Sara Coleridge, *Biographia Literaria* (1847), vol. iii. p. 181.

marked: "Seldom are the great landscape painters powerful in expressing human passions and affections on canvas, or even successful in the introduction of human figures into their foregrounds; whereas in the poetic paintings of Mr. Wordsworth the landscape is always subordinate to a higher interest."⁷ For exquisite touches of nature thus subordinated, we may refer the reader to the early poem beginning, "'Tis said that some have died for love;" to the beginning of "The Highland Girl," and to the three famous poems on "Yarrow." In some of these poems the emotional part seems to create the meditative, and the fruition of nature to come less through the sight than through sensation half spiritualized—a sensation which, in its exhaustion, exchanges pleasure for sadness—as, for instance, in the two poems beginning, "It is the first mild day of March," and "I heard a thousand blended notes." Of a different character are the eminently Wordsworthian lines, "Who fancied what a pretty sight," &c. In them nature for once is regarded as an artist—and yet as a Spirit too; a "Spirit of Paradise" fashioning her wonderful works for the culture of man's faculties and the solace of all his moods. This is an eminently typical poem, for it involves the Wordsworthian philosophy of nature; but it is not an impassioned one.

There are innumerable poems in which the descriptive vein rises into intellectual and imaginative passion, which we are obliged to pass by. Such are, among the sonnets on the Duddon; the second, "Child of the clouds, remote from every taint;" the twenty-first, "Whence that low voice? A whisper from the heart;" and the thirty-fourth, "I thought of thee, my partner and my guide." Such, again, are several passages in the ode entitled the "Pass of Kirkstone," the "Ode composed on an evening of extraordinary splendour," and the lines in blank verse addressed "to Lycoris." We have admitted that there are others not characterized by passion. Among those which, notwithstanding, are replete with loveliness of thought and melody of diction, we must refer to the first "Ode to Lycoris," the two autumnal poems beginning "The sylvan slopes with corn-clad fields," and "Departing summer hath assumed"—the two "May Odes"—and the "Evening Voluntaries," one of which contains those two memorable lines, a key to that sense in which Wordsworth venerated nature;

⁷ *Ibidem.*

But who is *innocent*? By *grace divine*,
Not otherwise, O *nature*, are we thine.

Our last quotation shall be a passage from the *Excursion*, full indeed of passion, but the passion of which is of a nature not illustrated in our other extracts. It is not human passion: it might rather be called "elemental passion," expressing, as it does, sympathies hardly less closely bound up with the elements that sweep around us in storm or calm, than they would be if the human soul were knit to the total sphere of earth by bonds as sensitive as those which attach it to its frail earthly tabernacle.

O! what a joy it were, in vigorous health,
To have a body (this our vital frame
With shrinking sensibility endued,
And all the nice regards of flesh and blood),
And to the elements surrender it
As if it were a spirit! How divine
The liberty for frail, for mortal man,
To roam at large among unpeopled glens
And mountainous retirements, only trod
By devious footsteps; regions consecrate
To oldest time! and, reckless of the storm
That keeps the raven quiet in her nest,
Be as a presence or a motion—one
Among the many there; and, while the mists
Flying, and rainy vapours, call out shapes
And phantoms from the crags and solid earth
As fast as a musician scatters sounds
Out of an instrument; and, while the streams
(As at a first creation and in haste
To exercise their untried faculties),
Descending from the region of the clouds
And starting from the hollows of the earth
More multitudinous every moment, rend
Their way before them, what a joy to roam
An equal among mightiest energies;
And haply sometimes with articulate voice,
Amid the deafening tumult, scarcely heard
By him that utters it, exclaim aloud,
Be this continued so from day to day,
Nor let the dire commotion find an end,
Ruinous though it be, from month to month.

This is a passage which proves not only that natural description may be impassioned, but that passion is compatible with the most careful composition. The lines quoted, vehemently agitated as they are, and often suspended in their course, flow on, notwith-

standing, within the limits of a single "period," and are as easily followed as one of those long but artistic sentences in old Hooker, or in Milton's prose works, which never fail, however voluminous their course, to disentangle their windings and carry the reader with them out into full light.

There were some important analogies between Wordsworth and Turner as regards the delineation of nature. The painter was unlike other painters, as the poet was unlike other poets. Each was devoted to nature with an ardently intellectual passion; each associated her largely with human interests; each discarded the conventional treatment of her; each regarded himself as invested with a mission—that of interpreting her. To each she was something more than a mere material thing: it was the soul of nature that each illustrated rather than the mere body; her meanings and influences, not her physical details. Each recognized in nature a mystery, and set forth that mystery with all its infinitudes of vastness and of power. In both instances the nature delineated was in part the nature created by a sympathetic imagination; and it is by the mind of Wordsworth and the mind of Turner, in no small degree, that the student of each stands confronted when contemplating a passage of nature as interpreted by the one or the other. In the delineations of both, accordingly, while there is an extraordinary fidelity to nature, there is also an absence of mere portraiture, as in the characters of Shakespeare, which are individual and actual, but generic at the same time. Masterly as is the truth with which Turner sets forth the profounder characteristics of nature, many of them absolutely ignored till his time, it has been remarked that he seldom even aims at minute accuracy in his representation of a particular scene. If it does not please him in its details, he modifies them without hesitation and without concealment. He could not have done otherwise. A painter must cover every part of his canvas, and therefore it is only by such modification of details, irrelevant or unworthy, that he remains true to the ideal. The poet who paints in words enjoys an ampler freedom; and Wordsworth simply left out whatever would have marred the spirit of the scene, while with touches of truth and of power he intensified the rest. It is thus that nature herself idealizes, as he has pointed out in that remarkable sonnet beginning, "Hail, Twilight, sovereign of one peaceful hour!" As the daylight dies, "day's mutable distinctions" die with it, but only to reveal more vividly those larger features of the

scene which are beyond the power alike of the hours and of the centuries—

Those mighty barriers, and the gulf between ;
The floods—the stars—a spectacle as old
As the beginning of the heavens and earth.

The reader will not mistake our remarks upon the predominant character of Wordsworth's genius for a critique on his works at large. They discuss but a single part of a great subject, to do justice to which would require several distinct essays. The profoundest poet of modern times would need for his elucidation to be contemplated from very many points of view ; and Mr. Arnold's volume of selections must add largely to the number of those who will qualify themselves for such a task by a studious perusal of his poetry.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Lingerings in German Cities.

CHAPTER V.

PRAGUE AND VIENNA.

OUR recent voyage up the Elbe to Pirna led us to resolve to make the whole journey to Prague by railway. Years ago, when we came from Prague to Dresden, we broke the land journey at Aussig, and saw as much of Saxon Switzerland as can be explored from the deck of a small steamboat. But the picture presented to us at Pirna of the cuttings and maimings of the bold cliffs, and the consequent change of the wildness of nature into the tameness of a stoneyard, made us determine to dash through the scene at railway speed, and to bestow only a hurried glance upon what has been so disfigured. The railway, however, carries us as far as it can over the old route, skirting the Elbe as though it loved it too well to part from it except on the utmost necessity; and so we see much which we had seen before, but with that great difference which comes of a change of standpoint, if either a steamboat or a railway carriage can be so called. There is some very fine scenery on this route into Bohemia. Go which way you will into that land, you must of necessity cross mountains, seeing that it is completely encircled by them: and so geographers, in their unimaginative language, say that Bohemia is a basin. Be this as it may, it has its capital, Prague, standing in the midst upon a lofty hill, as though it rose tiptoe, not only to command all around—"monarch of all it surveys"—but to see beyond its mountain frontier into the various lands which shut it in, or which, perhaps we should say, it shuts out with its iron parapets.

The railway boldly faces the mountain difficulty: at times winding cleverly round dangerous heights, and again driving its iron way through the no less iron precipices of the Erzgebirge.

We are scarcely ever without river accompaniment to give variety and beauty to the scene; for when at last we lose the

Elbe, we gain the Moldau, which joins it at Melnik, and guides us, as the Elbe before had done, to a capital that spreads over both its banks.

We are in Austria, as many significant marks tell us; and before we reach Prague our train stops for a royal passenger, the Imperial Archduke Rudolph, the heir to the vast Empire which Francis Joseph rules. We spend only one day in Prague, and so can but cast a rapid glance over the grim old city, which we had lingered in with so much satisfaction before. Five years is but a short interval in the life of such an old-world place as Prague, however much may be brought about in that time in Australia or America. Yet Prague had undergone a change which surprises a visitor, at least if he has been unobservant of the modern life that is within it. Not that the grand old city of the Czekhs has developed itself within its ancient walls. In truth, it has not room to do so; its streets are too narrow for increased traffic, its landmarks crowd upon it too rigidly to allow of any expansion; and as the people are wise enough to preserve what they have so much reason to be proud of, and seem never to dream of destroying what is so precious both to themselves and to others who have a veneration for the past and its monuments, the old city remains the same quaint, grand, historic, and picturesque capital, which is without a rival in Western Europe. What is new stands without, with plenty of room to develop itself into all the requirements of modern life; with wide streets, fine shops, broad promenades, and, last not least, a people's park, which undulates and expands over an extent of ground which would certainly astonish a fourteenth-century Bohemian could he rise from his narrow grave in one of the seventy churches of Prague and stroll with us in the uncertain evening light, just as the brilliant gas-clusters are turning night into day. The new park is evidently the lion of the place, at least in the eyes of a waiter at the Englischer Hof, who urges us not to lose a moment in seeing what we could see any day at home, while the old city itself seems at the moment almost forgotten or despised. So we take a stroll around its fountains and flower-beds and over its crisp gravel walks; and having thus kept our promise, we hasten back under a well-remembered venerable gateway, and soon lose ourselves in the narrow winding streets, which are as clean as they are quaint, and as mysterious in their character as they are grand in their forms.

We are of course anxious to hear some Bohemian music, for everybody knows that the Czechs are the best musicians in Germany; but the Opera House is closed, and the music upon which we stumble in our supper-garden is not Bohemian at all, but Tyrolese. This kind of music has a sort of charm about it, which for a short time and at a fair distance is attractive enough, but the only seats that are vacant when we arrive are close to the singers, and the whole evening's entertainment is limited to the performance of these lusty and strong-voiced mountaineers; so perhaps we yearn more than ever for the native music of this strange land.

When we climb the heights of the Hradschin, we once more encounter a royal personage, an Austrian Archduke, who has come to Prague to "assist" at the High Mass which the Cardinal Archbishop Schwarzenberg is to celebrate next week on the birthday of the Emperor. The old royal personage, the ex-Emperor Ferdinand, has passed away, and so the Palace is at the service of the rising generation; and here the young Rudolph spends much of his time in military and scientific pursuits, in which he has already shown himself no mean proficient.

The Cathedral is at last being completed; and not in too great a hurry, seeing that it was commenced in 1344, and never, until the present moment, consisted of more than of one western tower and the choir. The solitary tower rose to the height of five hundred and six feet, and standing thus upon the grand cliff of the Hradschin, far surpassed in grandeur any tower in Europe. Even now, with its diminished height of three hundred and fourteen feet, which a fire in 1541 necessitated, it is very imposing. Here it has stood through these five centuries, alone in its grandeur, like that marvellous one at Cologne, which threw its shadow so long over the blank space that separated it from, yet somehow seemed to join it to, the glorious nave—a fragment harmonizing with another fragment,

With that suggestive vacancy between;

And now that Germany has completed the one, Austria, in the person of its Emperor, has taken in hand the other.

The work is progressing vigorously, and, we believe, in strict accordance with the original design. And so our own half of the nineteenth century will give us complete Cologne and Prague. Of course we ought to rejoice at the fulfilment of

such designs. "A broken promise to God," as poor Hood called the Cologne Cathedral of his day, should be kept, however many centuries may intervene between the promise and its fulfilment; but somehow there is a spell broken when the work is done, and the glorious fragment is, as it were, patched up into a modern cathedral.

It is so, we always feel, at Cologne; but it will not be so on the Hradschin; for the design is not so wonderful, the tower being less ornate, and the choir less daring, in the Bohemian than in the Rheinisch cathedral; and so we wish God speed to the brave-hearted Emperor, who in times of distress and difficulty, not to say of rebuke and blasphemy, undertakes a great work for Holy Church, and shows himself in this as in so many other respects a worthy representative of the great house of Hapsburg.

The choir is undergoing restoration, and that in a part which we tremble to find in the hands of modern workmen. The original chapel of St. Wenzel has hitherto remained unchanged. Its barbaric splendour is highly characteristic of the fourteenth century; its walls inlaid with Bohemian jewels, amethysts, jaspers, and chrysoprase, form glittering frames to frescoes of the same early period, and if time has dimmed some of its brightness, it has also toned down into more perfect harmony the dazzling gems that are scattered with so lavish a hand over the chapel which contains the shrine of the sainted King. Restoration, at all times a dangerous work, is here and now especially so, where all is so completely in keeping, and when such ruthless hands are laid upon what remains to us of holier days. There have been more ignorant days than our own, whose work we see around and mourn over, but scarcely any more destructive; and thus, under the pretence of restoration, we have on all sides great and inestimable relics of antiquity restored away or renewed into mere copies of the past into whose honored places they have been obtruded. May more reverent and less zealous hands be laid upon the chapel of St. Wenzel. It is late in the evening when we renew our railway journey to Vienna, which we have broken for little more than a night's rest at Prague. Not but that the quaint capital of Bohemia deserves a much longer lingering; but our time is growing short, and we have in past years paid it a much longer visit.

The night has passed, and it is a bright Sunday morning

when we arrive at Vienna. But bright mornings somehow are never seen to advantage after a night spent in a railway carriage. We have not got up at all, and so the day does not seem to have really come; it appears a kind of dream, and of course an uneasy one which must come of such night accommodation; and thus it is not until we have washed and dressed in our spacious rooms at the Metropole, and have seated ourselves in the grand saloon at breakfast, that we realize the idea that it is Sunday, and not a prolongation of Saturday night. To revisit an hotel where we have been comfortable before, is almost like coming home: the people seem to know us, and talk as if we had been expected; and so when we stroll out for Mass we seem to have already been in Vienna for a week, and wind our way—it is almost impossible to go straight through the old city, however broad and direct may be the new part—towards the grand old Cathedral of St. Stephen. The High Mass is over, we find, although it is not yet eleven o'clock, but of course there are many Low Masses to satisfy our devotion as well as our obligation, though we miss the beautiful singing for which St. Stephen's is so renowned.

However, the next day we have a solemn High Mass, grand enough to satisfy the most exacting, for it is the birthday of the Emperor; and, although Franz Josef himself is not present—being with the Empress at Ischl—some great dignitaries (including an Archduke), civil, ecclesiastical, and pre-eminently military, make a grand display, not only when seated in choir, but in their processional entrance and departure.

The dim religious light, which in truth is usually dim almost to darkness, is now, if not dispersed by the clusters of candles in glass chandeliers, at least driven into distant aisles; while the sanctuary is a blaze of jewelled mitres and vestments, which scatter and reflect the light upon the brilliant uniforms outside, and form a distant picture of extraordinary beauty and splendour. The celebrated choir does its best, while clouds of incense roll amidst and over the scene, now veiling it from our sight and then crowning it with a nimbus of glory.

When we stroll through the old city we, of course, find but few changes since our last visit. The shops are, perhaps, growing grander and have less of that mediæval look of distrust which characterizes most ancient cities; there is more glass and less iron, more display and less shutter, than of old; but the Viennese are too wise to attempt any widening of narrow streets

where the old city is so confined, but build their broad Rings where the walls once stood, and spread their new palaces and public buildings, their club-houses and theatres, in the vast space beyond, which environs the beautiful Rings, as they in turn include the old city, which has stood for so long the assaults of foes, both Mohammedan and Christian.

When we were last here, Vienna was on the Wien, but now it is on the Danube: not that the insignificant stream has taken its departure from the Imperial city (Kaiserstadt), or, what is not unlikely to happen, has dwindled away altogether, but the grand historic river has now Vienna on its right bank. Formerly a narrow canal was the only waterway for those who came to Vienna by the Danube, and large steamers had to be exchanged for small ones, which alone could work their way by this confined passage; but now vessels of all sizes land their freight at broad quays, and a noble bridge of many arches spans the broad Danube close beside them.

A new suburb, Donaustadt, which is in itself a fine city, now covers the two miles which lie between the old canal and the new quays, while broad streets, fine squares, tramways, and all the accessories of a prosperous town, show it to be not only a commercial suburb, but a beautiful addition to one of the most striking cities in Europe.

Thus Vienna has gone out to meet the Danube, and the noble river has not been wanting in corresponding courtesy. It has drawn near and, as it were, cleaned itself up and made its ways more straight to fit itself for the dignified station assigned to it. For it must be confessed, with all due respect for the renowned Donau, that neither is its course so regular, nor its channel so direct, as could be wished when nearing the Imperial city. A river may break into reaches, and lose itself in entanglements amid wild and romantic scenery, where it seems properly to lay itself out for picturesque effects and agreeable surprises: but when its interest of this kind is over, when, as one may say, its youth has passed, and it flows on amid flats and is no longer ornamental, and so ought at least to be useful, it is simply provoking to find it meandering amid mud islands, irresolutely dawdling in many uncertain and changeful courses, and fetching long bends when straightforwardness is the only merit desired. This is the disreputable characteristic of the Danube near Vienna; and so the authorities who have built the new quarter and laid it out on so noble a

plan, have taken the river also in hand, closed some of its by-paths, cut a broad passage through its useless curves, brought up, not a mere canal, but the main stream of the Danube itself along the broad quays, carried it past the Prater Park, and sent in on its way to Buda-Pest and the Black Sea, a richer and in truth a more abundant river, for it is now burthened with noble ships, and has its waste of waters gathered into a fuller stream. So now in truth we have Vienna on the Danube.

One of the pleasantest lounges in Vienna is the Palace and Gardens of the Belvedere. It was built by Prince Eugene of Savoy, and so is something more than a museum. It stands well on an eminence in the suburbs; the height is crowned with the Palace, properly so called; below spreads the formal garden of the period, and at its end stands a kind of large summer-house which is extensive enough to contain the celebrated Ambras collection. The two buildings are now distinguished as the upper and lower Belvedere: the former is the Imperial Picture Gallery, the latter the Museum.

The rooms of the Palace are large and lofty; and if not so well adapted for the exhibition of pictures as galleries specially designed for the purpose, have at least that nobleness of form and decoration which harmonizes with great works of art, and makes the pictures a part of the whole effect, instead of being everything in themselves. The works are classified according to nations, and the several schools can be compared and contrasted, and thus a pleasant occupation becomes a study and is accordingly elevated and refined. The gallery ranks second only to Dresden, at least in Germany; but it is far below it in interest and value. The pictures which interested us most, and which indeed surprised us, were some religious pictures by Rubens, in a style so much above his ordinary coarse and lascivious works, that we felt that we had hardly known the greatness and religious character of this vigorous artist before, though of course we were familiar with his great productions at Antwerp. The two pictures which specially impressed us were brought, we believe, by the Empress Maria Theresa from a suppressed or destroyed church of the Jesuits: the one represents St. Ignatius casting out evil spirits, and the other St. Francis Xavier raising the dead and healing the sick among the Indians. They are both very large and crowded with figures; but the religious character is what specially marks them, and for once we forget the artist and his vigorous

execution, in interest in the striking scenes depicted. This room, and indeed another also, is rich in gems of this great painter, and if we find among them not a few in the old familiar style, with his successive wives freely portrayed, there are others of this higher character which go far to make us pardon the facile pencil which swept with doubtful taste so effectively over acres of canvas, for the sake of the genius which could at times rise with a power which Milton craved, and not in vain :

What in me is dark
Illumine, what is low raise and support ;
That to the height of this great argument
I may assert eternal Providence,
And justify the ways of God to men.

There are eighteen hundred pictures in the collection, and among them is that admirable example of Titian—the celebrated *Ecce Homo*, from our Charles the First's collection which Oliver Cromwell sold—as are also Vandyke's great work, the Infant Saviour crowning St. Rosalia, and his no less renowned St. Francis in ecstasy. Of course the old German school is well represented by excellent examples of Lucas Cranach, Hans Holbein, and Wohlgemuth, while Albert Durer comes out in great force, not only in his vigorous and realistic portraits, but in a quaint grim picture of the "Martyrdom of ten thousand Christians under Sapor the Second, King of Persia," in which his imagination runs wild in depicting every form of torture and death. Perhaps no other gallery is so rich in first-class works by this great, grave, and powerful artist. As we should expect, the Dutch and Flemish schools are in great strength, seeing how the royal house of Hapsburg so long bore sway in the Netherlands. Indeed, Teniers himself, who was once the keeper of the Archduke's Leopold's gallery at Brussels, has left us a curious and interesting picture of the collection itself, wherein are represented many of those which are now in the Belvedere.

The modern works are relegated to the upper rooms, which, as is so constantly the case in these royal residences, are little better than garrets: people seeming in former days to live in great state and splendour, and to sleep, if not in state, why anywhere. These specimens of modern German artists are neither numerous nor interesting, nor do they speak much for the art, at least in Vienna.

We stroll down the broad and formal walks, past the prim pieces of water with their small fountains, and, although the

regular hours for admission have passed, open with a silver key the entrance to the Lower Belvedere, and soon find ourselves in the midst of the Ambras collection.

When at Innsbruck, a few years ago, we regretted the absence of the valuable collection which the future Ferdinand the Second made while in retirement here in his Schloss Ambras. This young prince had the daring to carry off the promised bride of a Fugger from their city of strength, Augsburg, and, marrying below his royal rank, set himself to spend his enforced leisure in his Tyrolese mountain home by forming a collection which became world renowned. When danger threatened Tyrol, the treasure was carried off to Vienna; and so it comes to pass that we may now rejoice, not indeed that the collection has been removed from its original home, in which every portion was so much in keeping with its stern surroundings, but that, having been taken away, we should find it here in a building where at least everything can be seen in the brightest light, and each curious article be examined at leisure. Perhaps we should think more of the collection had we not so recently been lingering amidst the still finer one at Dresden. But with this great drawback the Ambras gathering is interesting, curious, and valuable.

Passing amid the antique sculptures, which have been added from the Imperial Palace, and pausing just to admire the sarcophagus of the Fugger family, with bas-reliefs of the Battle of the Amazons—a relic of the best period of Greek art found in Carinthia—and thinking of that other battle in which Ferdinand had borne away his Amazon, the fair Philippine, from that same powerful family, we stay not to linger in an Egyptian museum, which in truth seldom delays our steps in any city, but enter at once into that curious collection which Ferdinand made in a manner as curious as the collection itself.

Now-a-days men of taste who desiderate works of art, employ collectors and spend large sums through their hands; but Ferdinand, either wanting the means or the desire of collecting at his own expense, contented himself with begging from his friends suits of armour which they themselves had worn, or any instruments of war which were connected with names of renown. As blunt requests of this kind might not always achieve the desired end, he was careful to accompany them with a desire for the portrait of the giver. What prince or potentate could refuse a gift so complimentary to himself?

and of course with the picture came the armour or desired relic : and thus Ferdinand formed the curious gallery of portraits of his victims. Here they hang, covering a vast wall from ceiling to floor : not perhaps worth much as works of art, but serving a purpose ; and so not much unlike a gigantic album of photographs of very different artistic value, but of some interest, at least in the eyes of the collector.

As Ferdinand was careful to preserve copies of his own begging-letters as well as the autograph answers which he received, the authenticity of the collection is singularly guaranteed, and perhaps on this account it seems to be generally allowed to be "the most interesting historical collection of ancient armour in Europe." The first of the three rooms devoted to this purpose contains the armour of the Imperial family ; the second, of other German princes and nobles ; and the third, of Spanish and Italian armour, equally with the rest of nobles and princes. So we seem to see, mounted on wooden steeds in the armour in which in truth they may be said to have lived, such historic personages as Francis the First of France, the Emperor Maximilian, Don John of Austria, Philip the Second, Maurice of Saxony, Scanderbeg, and chief and grandest of all, at least as far as the beauty of the armour is concerned, Alexander Farnese, Duke of Parma. Nor are the enemies of the Empire forgotten, for here is the battle-axe of Montezuma of Mexico, and the horse-tail standard and quiver of the Grand Vizier Kara Mustapha, who once threatened Vienna.

Other rooms there are, filled with the usual miscellaneous contents of a museum : natural curiosities, jewelry, wood carvings by that Alex. Colin who wrought those marble miracles which adorn the empty tomb of Maximilian at Innsbruck. There are also curious musical instruments of a long-past date and of long-forgotten names : and then, to crown the whole, there is a wonderful cross-bow, with its stock inlaid with ivory, covered with etchings and engravings by Albert Durer himself, who has inscribed his well-known monogram in authentication.

So the Ambras Museum is a pleasant lounge, and very suggestive of historic thought.

The Emperor's birthday naturally led to sundry garden-festivals, and as the caterers to public amusement did not wish to interfere with one another's plans, separate evenings were assigned to the most celebrated places of entertainment. But

the weather, which upsets so many admirable out-door arrangements, proved unfavourable on the present occasion, and a steady downpour on Monday morning washed away the evening designs for the *Neue Welt* (New World), which combines among its many attractions a garden, a theatre, a ball-room, and, of course, a restaurant, in the popular suburb of Hietzing.

But the rain ceased to pour almost as soon as the High Mass was over in the Cathedral, and the afternoon brightening up, we strolled over to Hietzing, without noticing the supplemental placards which announced a postponement of the festival. So if we were disappointed by the New World, we found consolation in the old one, and spent a pleasant early evening in the royal gardens of Schönbrunn, where stands the suburban residence of the Emperor. Of course the gardens are open to the public. We pass into them through the Palace with as little trouble as if it were a people's park: its broad trim walks are as prim as those of Herrenhausen. Napoleon signed the treaty here which bears its name, and here too lived and died his son, the Duke of Reichstadt in 1832, tenderly watched over by his royal grandfather, for the boy was the child of an Austrian Archduchess as well as of the Corsican adventurer.

Strolling under the pleasant shade and by the splashing fountains, it is somewhat startling to be disturbed by the roar of a lion, a most unmistakeable roar, and its source close at hand! But as nobody seems scared, we stroll on, and soon find the roarer and his fellow-beasts, with a fair company of birds and all the usual accessories of a zoological garden. We have not strayed into the grounds of any learned society, we find, but have simply come upon the royal collection, which is a very good one as far as it goes.

We return by train to Vienna, and spend what remains of the evening in another royal garden, which is here given up entirely to the public: a gift which doubtless is highly appreciated, as it deserves to be, seeing that the Emperor has deprived himself of the garden that belongs to his royal palace, and confines himself within the walls of the old grim *Residenz*. Here we find excellent music performed under the direction of Herr Straus, whose only fault, as far as we observe, is a too great preference for his own music, which, bright and cheerful as it is, is somewhat meagre fare for those who yearn after the far better things which the Viennese can execute.

As the Metropole, with all its splendour and comfort, has

not yet adopted the custom of a *table d'hôte*, but contents itself with so far yielding to extra-Viennese habits, as to provide separate dinners for those who require them, instead of sending its visitors, as of old, to restaurants, we decline to accept the compromise, and while at Vienna, doing as its people do, we dine with much comfort at any one of the splendid houses on the Rings which devote themselves to this excellent purpose.

Since our former visit to Vienna, the Votif-Kirche has been finished, and now it shows itself to be what it then promised, one of the finest and richest modern Gothic churches in Europe.

It was raised by public subscription, in gratitude to the Saviour, to Whom it is dedicated, for the protection of the life of the young Emperor Franz Josef from the knife of an assassin on February 18, 1853. The architect is Herr Ferstel, who is said to have had Cologne Cathedral in his mind when he designed this noble church. But this, if complimentary from one point of view, is disparaging from another. A really fine Gothic church of noble dimensions, uniform design, and rich decorations, naturally suggests the recently completed work at Cologne as a companion picture, and herein the architect is justly appreciated as one who can take his place among the great of his craft. But then comes the thought that the Vienna church is much the smaller of the two, upon which the unjust suspicion follows that it is but a reduced copy after all: and so the real merit of the architect stands in the way of his due appreciation, for unfortunately the latter impression, however erroneous, remains in many minds, while the former, however just, is lost sight of.

The Votive Church indeed is smaller than the vast cathedral at Cologne; but this does not imply that its dimensions are in themselves small. Its length is nearly three hundred feet, while it rises to upwards of ninety feet. At its west end stand two equal towers of open tracery work, while the central tower is octagonal.

The nave is very grand in its dimensions, which show to full effect, with its unencumbered floor; the transepts, apse, and side chapels are radiant with colour and gilding, while the blaze of morning light, which streams in through the magnificent painted windows, is toned down into harmony with the religious character of the scene, and at the same time sobers into rich combinations what otherwise would be too new and bright in the lavish decorations. Indeed, to those accustomed to the cold

neutral tints which are our highest attempt at the use of colour in most of our churches at home, there is an excess of brilliancy here which requires all possible toning down to make it pass as ecclesiastical in English eyes; but if this is a fault, it is one that can be easily pardoned when we remember that it springs from the loyalty and affection of the Viennese towards their young King. And well may they be proud of Franz Josef, and thankful must they be that his life was thus guarded in the hour of a danger. It was indeed a day of trial for Austria when, in 1848, the old Emperor Ferdinand resigned the Imperial crown, and the next heir refused to accept the post of danger. But the heart of the people beat high with pride when the young Archduke, as yet barely eighteen, came forward at their call, and, in the midst of rebellion at home and war without, claimed what was at that time, in truth as well as in name, the iron crown, and vindicated the honour of the house of Hapsburg. The boy had but grown into early manhood, when in 1853 the knife of the assassin was raised against him: little need we wonder when, the first horror being passed, the people, high and low, resolved to build this votive church in gratitude for the preservation of this young life, which has since proved how well merited was that affection.

In 1856 the Emperor laid the foundation-stone, which had been brought expressly from the Mount of Olives. In twenty years the church was finished, amid national trials which would have excused a much longer delay: and there it stands, a monument of love and devotion of which a nation may well be proud.

As we pass from window to window we read the names and titles of the great who strove in generous emulation for the honour of having a large share in the national offering; but as we pace its noble nave, transepts, and chapels, we think of the less marked but surely not less prized gifts of the mass of the people, whose united efforts left but the costly decorations to be provided by their richer neighbours.

There are numerous large museums in different royal palaces in Vienna, which would occupy a lingerer for much more time than we can just now spare for their due examination; and so the reader is happily spared the infliction of "a full and particular account" of their varied contents. Moreover, the weather is too bright and warm to encourage indoor lingering, while the fine Rings and their abundant population somehow prove more

attractive than the oldest medal, the rarest engraving, and the dryest mummy in the choicest collection. So we linger out of doors, and see Vienna through the Viennese.

A bright and active people they appear to be. How intimate is the relationship between the Emperor and his citizens, the votive church shows, while a still more recent event illustrates it in a pleasant and genial manner. The Crown Prince Rudolph has just followed the example of his father, and selected as a bride for himself the younger daughter of a royal house. And just as Franz Josef chose the bright and fairy-like Elizabeth of Bavaria, who had not then come out, in preference to her elder sisters, so Rudolph has won the heart and hand of the equally charming Stéphanie of Belgium, who makes her *debut* in the world as an affianced bride. Thus the house of Hapsburg is renewing its old conquest in the Netherlands, as indeed it has also done in Spain, where a young Austrian Archduchess now reigns as Queen.

The incidents in all these royal marriages read more like chapters in romances than the formal and stately proceedings we usually connect with such arrangements; by which we may judge that the members of the house of Hapsburg have very decided wills of their own. While we write, the events are passing before our eyes. The still fascinating Empress Elizabeth, who has captivated all Irish hearts by her repeated visits to the Green Isle and by her courageous bearing in the hunting-field, summons her son to conduct her home: he arrives at Brussels on his way to Ireland, but comes no farther; why? he has "found metal more attractive;" his fair cousin, just passing into womanhood, has charms which the boy had not observed in the mere girl; and so the Empress loses her gallant knight, who is thus held willing captive in golden chains, and has to seek him in the bright little capital of Belgium.

We hear of much festivity in charming Brussels; but our business is rather in Vienna, from which this new chapter for the *Almanach de Gotha* has led us, but only to bring us back again with new illustrations of what the Viennese are in themselves and in their loyalty. One who knows them well has written within the last few days: "The Emperor's reception yesterday (March 11, 1880), of the Mayor and deputation of the Corporation of Vienna, who in the name of the town presented their congratulations on the occasion of Prince Rudolf's betrothal, was most gracious. The details of the

reception are characteristic of the relations that have grown up between the dynasty and the population of Vienna—the cradle, so to speak, of the dynasty. His Majesty was gratified by this fresh manifestation of the fact that the population of Vienna were instantly sensible of every event affecting the Imperial family, as an event affecting them all—that in reality they were all one family. The Burgomaster referred to the telegram of the Crown Prince, thanking the Corporation for its good wishes, and greeting in the warmest terms the town of Vienna. His Majesty, replying to this, said that he had remarked in the letters of his son the great pleasure he felt at the loyal manifestation of the town of Vienna. ‘I know,’ continued the Emperor, ‘how fond he is of Vienna; he is, indeed, a true Viennese.’ Vienna and the dynasty have, as it were, grown up together, and, more than any other capital town, Vienna has become the typical town of the Empire, in which are blended together all the motley populations of the Empire, forming that new type very appropriately called the Wiener Kind (the child of Vienna)—impulsive, easy-going, full of humour, yet quickly intelligent, shrewd, never failing in any emergency: and the citizens are now assured by the Emperor himself that they may reckon on the Crown Prince as one of themselves.”

And now the time has come for our return home. There must be no more lingerings by the way. Not that this implies that hurried rush by day and night to which thoughtless and inexperienced travellers subject themselves, and by which they destroy so much of the pleasure and health which come of deliberate touring. We allow ourselves days enough at least to glance at what we are passing through, and to refresh our bodies and minds amid scenes that are familiar. Railways, like stimulants, are good in their way, if used in moderation; but night and day travelling is like dram drinking: quick work, and sure enough to lead to its usual end, but injurious at the time, and very telling upon the system. So we rail and steam on our way, with time to rest and to look about us. We rail to Linz, make a *détour* to charming Ischl, steam up the Danube, through its wildest and most romantic part, to Passau; rail on to Nuremberg; thence to Aschaffenburg—to us a new place, whence we carry away a pleasant mental picture of a grand red schloss, square-built and corner-towered, with towers that rise to one hundred and eighty feet, overhanging the beautiful

Main, commanding the grand old bridge and looking down upon the Roman villa which Gärtner built for King Ludwig of Bavaria; thence over the frontier to Darmstadt and Mainz; down the Rhine (for the first time by rail) to Cologne; onwards to Antwerp and Rubens and the glorious cathedral; thence by a rough and prolonged voyage in an old tub of a steamer (doing temporary duty for what must be a better one, and doing it badly) to Harwich, and so home again, to dream over our lingerings, and to put them on paper, to try once more the patience and good-nature of our old friends, the readers of the MONTH.

HENRY BEDFORD.

NOTE.

FINDING OF THE RELICS OF ST. ADALBERT.

While our paper is going through the press, intelligence comes of the above interesting discovery. We print the narrative as given in the *Tablet* of March 27, 1880; but to render it more intelligible, we make a few introductory remarks. There has been a controversy of very long standing between the Bohemians and Poles as to the possession of these relics: the former maintaining that they are in the Cathedral of Prague, the latter that they are in the noble shrine at Gniesen in Posen. Now St. Adalbert is the special patron of both nations, and so the contest becomes quite a national question.

Alban Butler (April 23) says that the body of St. Adalbert was brought to Gnesna (Gniesen) in 998, "where it is kept with great honour in the Cathedral, and has been rendered famous by many miracles;" and there indeed is still to be seen the shrine of St. Adalbert standing in the middle of the nave. Murray says, "The shrine is of solid silver; the sides decorated with bas-reliefs, representing events in the life of the Saint; and on the top is his recumbent effigy, of life-size, also of silver."

Indeed this Cathedral of Gniesen in Posen is a great place of pilgrimage on St. Adalbert's day, when the people sing what may be called their national anthem, which the Saint himself wrote in honour of our Blessed Lady, beginning—

Boja rodzica dziewica,
Bojiem wslawiona Marya.¹

That St. Adalbert was buried at Gniesen, no one denies: how then is it that his relics are found in the Cathedral at Prague? We turn for answer to that great mine of ancient lore, the Bollandists' *Acta*

¹ Virgin Mother of God,
Mary glorified by God.

Sanctorum, and find under April 23rd, not only a full discussion of the question, and a refutation of the Polish claim, but the curious narration of the translation of the relics from Poland into Bohemia. Now, to understand this, a few words about St. Adalbert must be premised.

He was a Bohemian of noble parentage, and was born in 956; and curiously enough, considering the anthem we have just alluded to, he received at baptism the name of Woytiech, which means, it seems, in Sclavonic, "Help of the Army." He was consecrated in 983, and then began that troublous life which ended in his martyrdom in 997. He was welcomed into Prague by prince and people alike, but so hopeless seemed to him his work, that in six years he asked for and obtained permission to retire to Monte Cassino. After five years the Pope sent him back to Prague; again he was received with joy and with promises of amendment, and again he had to leave for the same reason as before. Then he preached in Hungary, and trained that Stephen who became both King and Saint. Once more the Pope is persuaded to send him to Prague, and the announcement of his approach is answered by the slaughter of many of his relatives. He stayed his steps, and goes into Poland at the invitation of the first King of that country, and there for a time he remained: the Bohemians still refusing to receive him. Then he wanders into Prussia on his missionary work—for he seemed to consider this his especial vocation—and there he is martyred, April 23, 997. The King of Poland bought the sacred body at a great price, carried it first to Tremezno, and soon afterwards to Gnesna, where it was duly enshrined, and where the Poles maintain that it still remains.

But the Bohemians have an additional narrative, which the Poles allow in part, denying that the real body was carried away; which is that Brecislaus, Duke of Bohemia came (1039) in great force to Gniesen, obtained an easy and unopposed entrance, and with his soldiers hurried through the streets, neglecting all other plunder, to the Cathedral to take possession of the body of St. Adalbert. The Bishop of Prague, who accompanied them, remonstrated with the troops at their irreverent haste, and exhorted them to a three days' fast and prayer that they might learn the will of God in the matter. At this the fierce soldiery laugh, and rush headlong towards the shrine. Then a kind of paralysis falls upon them, one and all, and they stand immoveable for three hours, while the Bishop prays on their behalf. They are restored, and so the fast and prayer are duly observed for three days, and many marks of contrition are shown by these rough devotees. On the third night St. Adalbert appears to the Bishop, and promises them what they seek if they, on their part, will promise to amend their lives. They promise readily enough, and now the shrine is opened without difficulty and a delicious perfume is exhaled from the sacred body, which many who knew St. Adalbert, some forty-five years previously, readily recognize and identify.

Then the Duke, the Bishop, and a few of the nobles see the Saint of God, as bright in face and vestments, and as whole in body, as if he had that very day celebrated the Holy Mysteries. The clerics sing the *Te Deum*, the laity intone the *Kyrie eleison*, and then the Duke, his eyes suffused with tears of joy, prays the Saint that they, unworthy as they are, may bear him back to his own Prague. And now all difficulties cease, and the body is raised from the sarcophagus and exposed to the devotion of the people.

So the relics are carried off from Gniesen by the triumphant Bohemians, and on the vigil of St. Bartholomew the Apostle a spot is marked out near Prague, beside the little stream Rokitrucan, to which the procession passes at early morning, when the clergy and people receive it in such numbers that the wide plain is scarcely vast enough to contain them. And this is the procession. The Duke himself and the Bishop, shoulder to shoulder, carry the sweet burden of Adalbert, the martyr of Christ. Next come the abbots in a group, bearing the relics of the Five Brothers. Then the archpriests rejoice in the carrying of St. Gaudentius. These are followed by twelve chosen priests, who are scarcely able to sustain the weight of a golden crucifix. Duke Meskoter himself provided the gold. In the fifth place are carried three slabs, heavy with gold, which were to be placed around the altar where the holy body was to rest.

Three hundred years afterwards, as we now learn, the precious relics were gathered together and placed in the choir of the new Cathedral, to be once more brought to light and fresh enshrined five hundred years later, when the long delayed nave is rising to completion. And so St. Adalbert claims his own, age after age, in the veneration of the Bohemians, whose fervent devotion has long since more than atoned for their former rejection of him.

The city of Prague was on Monday, March 15th, the scene of a very interesting ceremony. For some time past the civil and ecclesiastical authorities have combined their efforts in order to complete the Cathedral, portions of which have been in various stages of construction for many years. Close by the entrance stood an old chapel—or church, as it was called—dedicated to St. Adalbert, the apostle and patron of Bohemia. The origin of this chapel went back beyond the memory of man, and certainly dates from the very earliest years of Bohemian Christianity, although it has within historical times been restored and to some extent rebuilt. The perfection of the work undertaken in connection with the Cathedral involved the removal of this venerable building. The demolition of a church once dedicated to the Divine service is always a serious matter, not to be permitted without very grave reasons, and to be carried out decorously and piously. In this particular case these considerations received especial weight from the fact that a long standing tradition of many centuries declared that the relics of St. Adalbert were deposited in the building, although the exact place seems not to have been known with certainty. The workmen engaged in the process of demolition were instructed to proceed with great caution. Some human remains were found lying under the pavement of the ancient chapel, and on March 11th the workmen came suddenly upon a carefully built vault, in which a metal casket was found, evidently an object of veneration to those who had placed it there. The assistant Bishop, Mgr. Prucha,

was at once informed of the discovery, and by his directions the work was suspended, the vault was sealed up, and the facts communicated to the Archbishop, Cardinal Schwarzenberg. His Eminence appointed a commission to investigate the case.

On Monday, March 15th, a very distinguished body of spectators gathered around the place. There were the Cardinal Archbishop, the Viceroy of Bohemia, and other important personages, both lay and ecclesiastical, there. The auxiliary Bishop, Dr. Prucha, made a short address, explaining the state of things. Then his Eminence said: "We are here, standing on a holy spot, in presence of an historical problem; for some persons have during these past centuries doubted whether there were any relics at all preserved here. Let us therefore approach the grave of the holy patron of our country with that piety and respect which we should feel both as Catholics and as Bohemians. Let us proceed to open this vault; let us in God's name solve this historical problem."

The vault lay beneath two distinct pavements—a proof in itself of its antiquity, showing that it must have existed from the first building of the chapel. The vault itself was built of blocks of sandstone, very carefully squared and dressed, which very much resembled, in the fashion of the workmanship, blocks that still exist in the older parts of the Cathedral. It was covered over with slabs of marble, which showed traces of having suffered from fire. The workmen came forward and removed the first block of the sandstone, disclosing the vault to sight. It was 2·25 metres long and 72½ centimetres deep. A very low wall divided it into two parts, one of which occupied about three-fourths of the space, and the other the remaining fourth. In the larger portion was placed a sarcophagus, the cover of which was of that saddle shape which marks the Carlovingian period.

In the smaller compartment of the vault were some decayed fragments of wood and dust, probably the remains of an older coffin. The sarcophagus was 112 centimetres in length, by 32 centimetres broad. It was covered with thick plates of lead overlapping one another. The lid was lifted off with care, and the sarcophagus was found to be 38 centimetres deep. Within it there was found a large metal box, fastened with cords and sealed. The custodian of the Cathedral Treasury lifted the box, and placed it on a table covered with red cloth. It was immediately perceived that under the great seal there were two leaden plates bearing inscriptions. Some of the archaeologists present instantly recognized that the seal was the so-called Mandorla seal of Ernest of Pardubice, the first Archbishop of Prague. The mouldering cords yielded to a mere touch, but the seal remained. After some delay, and with great patience, the inscription on the larger of the two plates was deciphered, and it ran as follows:—

"Anno Domini Millesimo trecentesimo nonagesimo sexto in festo Sti. Adalberti Dominica die Jubilate quæ fuit dies xxii. mensis Aprilis translata est hæc capsula cum corpore seu reliquiis Sti. Adalberti Episcopi et Martyris Patroni regni Bohemiæ prædicti de antiqua ecclesia in istud medium novæ ecclesiæ Pragensis cum reliquiis Sanctorum quinque fratrum et multis aliis reliquiis aliorum sanctorum quorum nomina ignoramus."

TRANSLATION.

"In the year 1396, on the feast of St. Adalbert, which fell on the Jubilate Sunday (2nd Sunday after Easter), the 22nd day of April, this box, with the body or the relics of the aforesaid St. Adalbert, Bishop and Martyr, and Patron of the Kingdom of Bohemia, was transferred from the old church to this middle of the new church of Prague, together with the relics of the five holy brothers, and the relics of other saints, whose names we do not know."

The inscription on the smaller leaden plate was also deciphered, but with much greater trouble and difficulty. It was as follows:—

"Anno Domini Millesimo trecentesimo quadragésimo sexto die undecima mensis Januarii ego Arnestus Primus Archiepiscopus Pragensis in præsentia Serenissimi Principis Domini Caroli Marchionis Moraviæ nec non primogeniti Domini Johannis regis Bohemiæ qui ipsam ecclesiam Pragensem in

archiepiscopalem apud Sedem Apostolicam erigi procuravit aperiri feci hanc capsam repertam in tumba Beati Adalberti Episcopi et Martyris in qua una cum reliquiis in ea reconditis erat carta tenore infra scripti : Hic sunt cineres Sti. Adalberti Episcopi et Martyris et paniculi qui circa ossa fuerunt et quinque fratrum et sunt reliquiae plurimorum Sanctorum quae pridie calendas Octobris sunt reconditae."

TRANSLATION.

"In the year 1346, on the 11th January, I, Ernest, the first Archbishop of Prague, in the presence of the most serene Prince Charles, Margrave of Moravia, and also of the eldest son of John, King of Bohemia, who induced the Apostolic See to raise the see of Prague to an archbishopric, have caused this box, which was found in the tomb of the Blessed Adalbert, Bishop and Martyr, to be opened. Besides the relics preserved in it, there was found in this box a plate of the following tenor : Here are the ashes of St. Adalbert, Bishop and Martyr, and the clothes in which his bones were wrapped, besides the relics of the five holy brothers and of many saints, whose names we do not know, which have been deposited on the day before the calends of October."

When the inscriptions had been read aloud, the Cardinal exclaimed, *Deo Gratias!* which was repeated by most of the persons present, as it was indeed clear that they were in the presence of the sacred remains of the holy patron of the country, and of other saints. The bells of the Cathedral were at once pealed to announce the discovery to the city. The metal box, which was made of thick leaden plates, was opened, and there were found lying on the bottom a mass of mouldering pieces of bone and fragments of clothes, almost all reduced to dust. There was lying upon the heap another leaden plate, which was much bent and much corroded. But it could be clearly made out that it bore exactly the same inscription as that mentioned in Archbishop Ernest's plate. The box was then reverently closed and replaced in the sarcophagus. The Cardinal put on the cope, and a procession was formed. All the clergy of the Cathedral, and many others who had arrived on the scene, carried wax tapers. The sarcophagus, placed on a bier covered with red damask, was borne by the canons, the Cardinal following, holding the pastoral staff. A great crowd of the faithful closed the procession, all singing in the Czech language a hymn, which is attributed to St. Adalbert. And thus the holy relics were conveyed to the Sternberg chapel, in the Cathedral. After some silent prayers, the Cardinal gave Benediction. The relics were to remain placed thus for the veneration of the faithful for eight days, and solemn Vespers were celebrated each evening at four o'clock. It has not yet been decided where and how they will be placed. Many persons hope that the materials of the ancient vault in which they have rested for so many centuries will be again employed to form their new receptacle.

The Genesis of Error.

PART THE FIRST.

SOME ten years ago, while a German army lay round the town of Metz, a student of theology who had come from his College to serve, during the stress of the war, in the field hospitals of the beleaguering force, was invited by a friend on the surgical staff to assist at an interesting *post mortem* examination. A pause had come in the siege operations, and science, for a time, was not engrossed by the claims of suffering men. There was much to be learnt from the bruised and mangled body of the dead grenadier. The splinters of a shell had shattered more than one of the vital organs; comparing the disordered action of the organism observed before death, with the injuries which the knife revealed, the observers were able to add not a little to their store of physiological facts. The work was finished at length. The members of the dead soldier lay scattered upon the table; the trained hand had performed its task skilfully, and the surgeon was satisfied with what he had done, perhaps, too, a little proud of it. Turning to the man of spiritual science with something of triumph in his look, he pointed to the dismembered body and said good-humouredly: "But the soul, Herr Priester, what of it?"

He was a skilled man, that military surgeon, a man who with much labour had mastered the secrets of his profession, who had spent a toilsome life in exploring the structure of the human body, and had learned, at last, to cut and disjoin it with assured dexterity. He was, besides, a man of attractive and lovable nature, generous, self-sacrificing, tender, brave; a man whose friendship added to the happiness of others, and whose sympathy lessened their pain. Those who knew him least found in him an agreeable companion; but his friends preferred to see in him a man whose intellectual attainments were great enough to cast a lustre upon those who were admitted to his friendship.

I should be slow to do him an injustice or an unkindness, but that he was intellectually a great man I find it hard to allow. It is fair evidence of his intellectual greatness that he should have thought, with that one simple question to close the mouth of the believer in a soul. The spiritual essence he had not grasped with his forceps, or grazed with his scalpel; he argued thence, that there existed no such essence at all. It took but a phrase, pithy as his own, to bring his implied argument to nought. His companion pointed, in turn, to the scattered limbs: "I have heard you say that Fritz had rare courage and rare patience. Herr Doctor, you have not shown me either."

I have recorded this incident here, because it falls in with the special purpose I have now before me; it illustrates a condition of mind to which I wish to direct attention. For a like reason, I quote the following passage from the latest edition of Professor Tyndall's *Fragments of Science*.

"Four years ago, I wrote this: 'Do states of consciousness enter as links into the chain of antecedence and sequence, which give rise to bodily actions?' Speaking for myself, it is certain that I have no power of imagining such states interposed between the molecules of the brain, and influencing the transference of motion among the molecules. The thing 'eludes all mental presentation.' . . . Here I secede from the automaton theory, though maintained by friends who have all my esteem, and fall back upon the avowal which occurs with such wearisome iteration throughout the foregoing pages; namely, my own utter incapacity to grasp the problem."¹

Few students of science will feel inclined to speak harshly of Dr. Tyndall. He has claims upon them which, even when they are forced to protest vehemently against his opinions, they will not forget. He has done so much to make smooth certain rough ways of knowledge, to make straight paths which other pioneers had left crooked, that later travellers by these ways can never lose sight of his services. But in spite of their gratitude, nay, because of it, many who have benefited by his labours will turn with regret from passages in his works such as that which I have here quoted. In these sentences we have his latest apology for language which had outraged the cherished convictions of many thoughtful and cultivated minds. His words are not quoted here for purposes of criticism or con-

¹ *Fragments of Science*, vol. ii. p. 408. Sixth Edition. London, 1879.

troversy. They are brought forward merely that we may study in them Dr. Tyndall's attitude of mind towards a very grave problem; that we may observe how he confronts the question which that German surgeon solved so summarily, and that they may help us to a distinct view of the position of Agnosticism which he takes up.

The problem with which Dr. Tyndall professes to have contended in vain, is that of realizing mentally the existence of his own soul as a something distinct from the molecular substance of the brain. He is a man [who has brought an exceptional ingenuity to bear on scientific problems; he has devised most cunning methods of reaching nature's secrets; yet it is after the manner which these lines describe, that he has set himself to investigate the existence and the functions of the human soul! He strains his fancy to picture a conscious state interposed between the molecules of the cerebral mass, and on the result of this effort he stakes his acceptance of the existence of a soul.

A thousand men of less scientific sagacity than Dr. Tyndall could have foretold the outcome of this attempt. Conscious states have no existence apart from the objects which are conscious in them. Considered by themselves, they are merely intellectual abstractions, and imagination cannot picture any intellectual abstraction at all. It cannot represent a conscious state as such, any better than it can represent proportion or causality, or antecedence, or sequence, as such. But imagination is not the only faculty of "mental presentation." Had Dr. Tyndall set himself to conceive in mere ideal outline, without any of the hues that imagination paints, a subtle substance prevading the molecules of the brain, though not identified with them, responding by changes of its own being to the ceaseless quiverings of the nervous mass, guiding and controlling its currents of physical energy though not adding to nor taking from them, the effort would not have overtaken his powers of thought. Every member of the group of ideal elements here suggested is familiar to him; it would have been an easy thing to fit them together into a consistent whole. If he insisted that his imagination should take a part in the process, a collateral activity might be permitted it; his knowledge of the nature and functions of that impalpable ether which pervades the material world would have enabled him to supply the restless faculty with material for useful occupation. As we shall presently see, the idea of the

soul may be reached by a much more easy method than this. For the moment, however, it is enough to make note of the fact, that Dr. Tyndall has not been able to hit upon any method whatever; that having a most vivid conception of the substantial realities of matter, he professes himself unable to grasp the notion of a conscious principle of thought wholly distinct from them.

We turn now to another school of thought, to the minds whose temper contrasts most strongly with the temper of those we quit. Here we shall find a widely different procedure adopted in the effort to interpret the facts of human consciousness. These minds do not begin with things which lie outside themselves; they first lay hold of what is within easiest reach, assured that they can understand best what is most within range of their faculties. The man who, in earnest philosophic mood, sits down to think out the problem suggested by the sense of his own existence and the facts of his own experience, must soon find himself very far from molecules of brain matter, molecular attractions, and ultimate elementary atoms. Neither these things, nor such as these, present the form of being which he can best grasp. Within him, in the conscious self-sentient principle of thought, which makes the whole, or almost the whole, of what he calls *himself*, he finds the most obvious and the most accessible subject of mental study. After all, what does he know of those atoms, molecules, polar attractions, and the rest, beyond what is represented of them in the living functions of his own being? If they exist at all, they lie wholly without him, and he cannot go out of himself to discover what they are in their unthought reality. He had better then begin with the reality, of which he can get an assured grasp; begin by fixing his attention on his own thinking being, which is ever drawing out those pictures of what he takes to be an objective or outside world. He will come to the atoms and their combinations by-and-by. Meanwhile, his concern is to realize that unmistakable conscious reality, himself—the only reality in which he can feel that his mind grasps substantially the object of its thought. If he would be a philosopher, from this fact his philosophy, his reasoned knowledge of things, must begin. The first act of philosophic thought, the first step in the canvassing of our own experience, is reflection; and in the process of reflection the first object we meet is ourselves. Strictly speaking, philosophy is but the interpretation we put upon the phenomena of

our own consciousness. It is our way of explaining the effects produced within us by our own unbidden activity of thought and feeling. It is not a hurried grasp of what we call external objects, not even the spontaneous deductions which follow upon first perceptions. It is our reflex verdict on the causes, and the significance of all these things together. It is our theory as to the meaning of that succession of mental forms which we are forced to conjure up, which pass into our field of consciousness and vanish then, or leave their ghosts behind them in the faculty of memory.

In working out this theory, what we have primarily to deal with is ourselves. If we would find out how the kaleidoscope produces its arrangement of images, we must begin by examining the instrument itself. So too, in inquiring into the facts and forms of consciousness, I must begin with that "*I, myself*," who am doing this vital work, fashioning those myriad shapes of an exterior world to watch them come and go. My life, my being, my existence—call that which I am, and that which I am doing, by what name you will, is consumed in admitting and dismissing those thought forms which picture things other than myself. All the while it is the thinking, acting *I myself* which is my first and chiefest concern; in this, and in this only, I have a direct vivid experience of the reality of being; here I form my most distinct notion of actual existence, acquire the living sense of what it is *to be*. The shifting visions of other things, be they phantoms, or be they pictures of realities like myself, are for me at least unstable and uncertain; there is no consistency in them; they are ever growing into distinctness and ever fading into obscurity. But that *I myself*, who think these thoughts and conjure up these sights, remains ever a fixed unchanging reality. That world of appearances we can shut out from our view at will, we can wholly forget that it exists; but from the vision of self no power of abstraction can withdraw us. Let us plunge deep into the recesses of consciousness, seeking to know the significance of our thoughts; in the deepest depth, where thought and thinking become one, and each finds its most distinct expression, we find that we are contemplating *ourselves*. In this object, which has been luminous throughout, but is now doubly luminous because our gaze is wholly concentrated upon it, we have found, to use the words of Mr. Carlyle, "the intensest of all realities"—the soul.²

² *Lectures on Heroes.* Lect. vi.

At this point we have no questions to ask, no possible explanations to offer. We cannot say that we are this thing or that thing, of this nature or of that nature, for we have not before us anything which we can classify with ourselves. We are alone with self, an unit of thought, realizing only this—that we *are*.³ In this act we know our own soul, and with this act we lay the foundation of all philosophy. We have no occasion to enter into elaborate proofs of the soul's existence, and no one has the right to demand any such proofs from us. We must begin by assuming the existence of something, and of nothing is the existence so manifest as of the principle of intelligence within ourselves which reveals itself most distinctly when the external world has been wholly shut out from view. To the man who begins thus, the difficulty of imagining the soul as an unstable entity distributed between molecules of nervous pulp will not occur at all. He makes acquaintance with the soul in a sphere where imagination has no room for picture-drawing. When he quits the narrow depths of consciousness to deal with molecules and their arrangements, he will note that certain portions of the objective world enter, for a period, into peculiarly intimate relations with him, and influence profoundly the course of his own conscious energy. But these accretions to his being go as they come; they are replaced by others, or, not being so replaced, merely leave behind them the sense that they have been of him, but are so no longer. Meantime, that first factor of his being, which elicited the act of consciousness, and in the act revealed him to himself, knows no change whatever. Ever living to itself, it observes the coming and going of these outer elements, dissociating them, in thought, from itself at the very moment when it is forced to admit them into the unity of its own life. The sense of its own reality does not wane within it,

³ This is necessarily the first intimation of consciousness. It tells us that we are, not *what* we are. To tell us *what* we are, it should give us a definition of ourselves, class us in some genus or species with other things, and this it could not do unless it represented us as members of a group; whereas in consciousness we know ourselves only as units of life and thought. In the admirable collection of letters which Mr. Aubrey de Vere has edited, with the title *Proteus and Amadeus*, we find a difficulty thus stated—"I think I might conceive an Eternal Mind in co-existence with an eternal matter, as our temporal minds co-exist with our temporal bodies; but the thought of mind by itself has no parallel, no symbol in Nature. Matter, indeed, we find alone, but mind nowhere" (p. 172). The objector has really answered his own difficulty. The thought of mind is conceived as no other thought is, and it is precisely because, for us, it has no parallel in nature, that it can be conceived, and must be conceived altogether without reference to co-existing matter.

and this persistent activity of reflection gives rise to, or better, is itself, the continuity of consciousness.

According to this view, the notion of our own soul is fixed, unchanging, necessary, antecedent to all other notions, the most familiar, because the most realistic of all ideas, the only idea in which the object of our thought enters substantially into our faculty of apprehension. To question the existence of a soul, because we cannot *imagine* it fitting in between the cells and fibres of the brain, is a scepticism which it is hard to justify in the name of anything that can be called philosophy. But to question the existence of a soul because we cannot *think* it to exist, independently of all thought of nerve or muscle, is an ignoring of the primary facts of consciousness, a resolute absurdity for which there is no justification at all. By a vigorous and long-sustained effort we may bring ourselves to doubt the reality of our bodies; but no wilfulness of error can enable us to doubt the reality of our soul. It is free to us, to be sure, to say we thus doubt, and we may think our words have meaning; but actually to accomplish a doubt of this kind must be an impossibility as long as consciousness remains what it is. Scepticism or denial on this point can, at the most, serve as the distinctive doctrine of a school, or be made the basis of a theory which men profess, and in which, perhaps, they ultimately believe. But belief in doubt, as a theory, does not necessarily imply the possibility of doubt as a fact.

For minds of the graver sort it has been a law of thinking, as it has been an effect of thoughtfulness, to begin inquiry into the source and functions of intellectual energy, from this enduring self-conscious principle, which makes the core and essence of their whole being. With them the difficulty has been not to deduce from the apparitions of an outer world the existence of something of another order in themselves. Rather their effort has been to account to that inner unchanging self for the world which it mirrored, but which the law of its thought forced it to locate without the range of its own substance.

"The question we have to answer," writes Fichte, "is this: Whence comes that succession of representations which we produce, feeling that we are constrained to do so? How are we led to attribute objective value to what is merely within ourselves?"⁴ With this question, put in one shape or in another, all real philosophy begins; and to begin with this is to assume,

⁴ *Zweite Einleitung zur Wissenschaftslehre*, Werke, B. i. p. 455.

as an indisputable first principle, the existence of the soul. Fichte and his school would answer the question he proposes by asserting the all-sufficiency of the intellect to produce in itself those mental forms and shapes of things which we call our ideas. The opposing school, which Fichte not inaptly styles the *dogmatic*, would assert the existence of an external order, of "things in themselves" without which the ideal order is impossible.⁵ The extreme section of this school represented by Dr. Tyndall would go further still, would not only assert the existence of an external order, but would hold for doubtful, or stoutly deny the existence of any other. In putting side by side the beginnings of Idealism and the beginnings of the rival system, I have no purpose of comparing their respective scientific merits. I wish to bring out a contrast, not to offer criticism. If I have dwelt on their peculiarities, and even on their defects, it was because I hoped thus to make clear in what widely different, incompatible senses, these two important schools construe the fundamental phenomena of human consciousness.

I hold Fichte to have erred, and that in the earliest developments of his system. But it is precisely because I can assume his leading doctrines to be false, that I wish to take him as the representative of spiritual philosophy. It serves my purpose best to take him in his capacity of teacher of error, and I would claim for him the distinction of having taught what is wrong, with exceptional earnestness of purpose and persuasiveness of method. In his last deductions he is, perhaps, quite as wide of the truth as the most advanced disciple of the Positive school, but he has strayed from the truth by a way wholly inaccessible to the Positivist. The beginning of his system, the initial assumption on which it rests, and for which he cannot seek or offer any proof, is precisely the truth which the Positivist denies from the first, and after a long course of argument, claims to have overthrown. For Fichte, the substantial principle of intelligence within him is the one reality of whose existence he requires no explanation, and in which he seeks the reason of his ideas of other things. For his rival, the substance of other things is a reality to be admitted without question, and in it

⁵ "Nach dem ersten Systeme sind die vom Gefühle der Nothwendigkeit begleiteten Vorstellungen Produkte der ihnen in der Erklärung voranzusetzenden Intelligenz, nach dem letzteren, Produkte eines ihnen voranzusetzenden Dinges an sich" (*Erste Einleitung zur Wissenschaftslehre*, p. 426).

are to be sought the evidences which disprove, or make questionable, the existence of a substantial principle of thought.

In the contrast offered by these two systems we have much that may avail to our instruction. To begin : it will teach us the value of a favourite theory in vogue in a now favourite school. Mr. Herbert Spencer holds that out of jarring systems of error it is possible to evolve a combination of harmonious truths. The device by which this may be achieved will be best described in his own words :

"Do we not thus arrive at a generalization which may habitually guide us when seeking for the soul of truth in things erroneous ? While the foregoing illustration clearly brings home the fact, that in opinions seeming to be absolutely and supremely wrong something right is yet to be found ; it also indicates the method we should pursue in seeking the something right. This method is to compare all opinions of the same genus ; to set aside as discrediting one another the various special and concrete elements in which such opinions disagree ; to observe what remains after the discordant constituents have been eliminated ; and to find for this remaining constituent that abstract expression which holds true throughout its divergent modifications."⁶

Ingenious as seems this contrivance, it has, nevertheless, its drawbacks. In the first place, it is liable to the objection that systems which are alike "supremely wrong" may err in harmony, and this possibility should lead us to distrust the tenets in which they agree almost as much as those in which they are at variance. It is impeachable on a further count, which I shall state at length. Human perversity or human ignorance is unaccountably wayward ; there is absolutely no guarantee that any single portion of the possible sum of truth is safe from doubt or denial. Admitting that every system has in it some leaven of truth, it might still happen that no single truth would be found common to all ; each might deny a part of the whole truth not denied by any other. It is only too clear that Mr. Spencer's rule of guidance makes us dependent for our allowance of truth on the errors in which our neighbours choose to involve themselves. Every new enlargement of the border of error renders proportionately smaller the area of truth common to the contradictory systems, diminishes by so much the quantity which Mr. Spencer's canon would allow us to accept. But what becomes of his rule if the wrong systems

⁶ *First Principles*, p. 11. Third Edition.

from which we are to winnow the grain of truth be wholly contradictory? What if they start from utterly incompatible assumptions, and then diverge more and more as they go? To take up again the case we have hitherto dealt with, what common truth shall we snatch from between the contending doctrines of Fichte's *Idealism* and Dr. Tyndall's *Dogmatism*? Let Fichte himself tell us what they have in common:

"Neither of these two systems can refute the other; for their disagreement is a disagreement as to a first undemonstrable principle; either could overthrow the other if only its first postulate were granted it; they deny each other everything; they have no single point in common on which mutual understanding or union is possible. Even when they seem to be at one as to the words of a sentence, each is understanding them in a sense different from the other."⁷

Dr. Tyndall is fond of quoting from Fichte, but this, we now see, must be regarded rather as a token of his respect for the philosopher than an indication that there can be any appropriateness in the quotations. The two systems are at variance all along the line—so much so, we have learned, that a sentence loses its meaning if transferred from the language of one to the language of the other. And, be it remarked, the two philosophies he is contrasting, are, according to Fichte, the only philosophies possible. To what utter destitution in the matter of philosophic truth would Mr. Spencer's rule reduce us here? From Dr. Tyndall's point of view there is no world but the phenomenal; from Fichte's there is no reality but the subjective; we can eliminate the elements of discord only by affirming that there is no reality at all.

Consequences of this kind go far to shake our faith in the first of Mr. Spencer's "First Principles." They make it clear that truth is not attainable by a compromise between rival errors. They abundantly warrant the conclusion that, in philosophy at least, neither the whole truth nor any truth at all is to be discovered by sifting antagonistic systems of error. This conclusion, it may be presumed, would be found to avail outside the domain of mere philosophic truth; but with the possibilities of its further application we must not now concern ourselves.

We come back to the fact that what are described as the only possible philosophies are irreconcilably at feud in their interpretation of the first and most familiar facts of which man

⁷ *Erste Einleitung zur Wissenschaftslehre*, Werke, B. i. p. 426.

can take notice. There is no question of remote and difficult deductions lying at the end of a long chain of argument. Fichte and Dr. Tyndall disagree in the construction which they put upon the elementary manifestations of conscious life, and this, without any argument whatever. With the primary experiences of consciousness before him, the one thus states the fundamental truth of his philosophy: The only world of whose reality we are assured is the subjective world—the soul. Under sanction of precisely the same experiences—no more and no less—the other thus begins: The only world whose reality must be assumed is the objective world—matter. It is clear that the reasons of this discord are not to be sought in extrinsic causes. The facts to be judged are the same for all; they are equally within reach of all; and thus the materials for a rightful judgment are of the same quantity and quality for every mind. From the beginning of time, the primary facts of consciousness—our perceptions of a twofold order, the subjective and the objective—have been before men as clearly as they are now, as clearly as they can ever be. No effort of ours can put them in better light, and no effort, which does not overthrow intelligence, can obscure them. They are within us, a part of ourselves, necessary, prominent factors of our vitality. Yet it is upon these facts that the most momentous of all the discords which divide philosophy begins. Clearly, the source of division is not in the facts themselves, nor in the mode in which they are presented to us. That they are differently read by different minds must be due to peculiarities of the thinking faculty itself. To quote again from Fichte: "What kind of philosophy an individual chooses, depends on the kind of man the individual is. A philosophic system is not a lifeless implement to be taken up and laid aside at will. It is animated by the soul of the man who holds it."⁸

The course of thought we have been following prepares us to accept this doctrine. When opposing systems appeal to the mind in the name of the same facts, presented in exactly the same light, the reasons which determine its assent must lie within the mind itself. The impulse which bears it towards one system rather than another must begin from within. Inbred sympathy for particular doctrines, a pre-formed cast of intellect, a special complexion of his spiritual nature alone inclines the man to close with truth or error. The character of his mind is reflected in the doctrines he embraces; and thus is made

⁸ *Ibid.* p. 434.

good Fichte's bold saying : The soul of the man animates the system which he holds.

But it is true, as well, that a system of philosophy vitally reacts upon the vivifying soul. The tendencies and predispositions which prepared the mind for it, it confirms and develops. The sympathies to which it appealed with success, it fosters and expands, raising what were mere inexplicable longings to the dignity of definite deliberate aims, embodied in scientific theory, and justified by scientific reasoning. And thus it guides the whole man, for good or for evil. It colours his view of life and death ; becomes a law according to which he determines his duty here, and by which he points his hopes of a hereafter, or ceases wholly from hope and fear.

There are religious controversialists who assure us that for the purposes which religion is designed to serve, it matters not overmuch what be the form, fashion, or substance of the doctrines in which we put our trust. The essential point is, that we should hold our convictions honestly, whatever they be. Sincerity of belief, a cordial assent to what we profess to hold for true is really the virtue in which all religion consists ; if we can compass so much as this, it is well with us. We can claim the approving testimony of a good conscience, and so bid our soul be at peace and take its rest. How far we shall admit this facile theory in the domain of religion must depend on our solution of the further question, whether religion is faith in a fact, or faith in a phantasy. But, whatever be its application in the sphere of religious belief, in philosophy it is wholly out of place. In philosophy there is but one theory right ; all which contradict it are wrong. The whole purpose of the philosopher is to find what is right. If he fail to reach it, he has, to look at the misfortune in its merely negative aspect, laboured utterly in vain. The heartiness of his ultimate assent, the strength of his matured convictions avail him nothing. He has erred, and, as a philosopher, he has thereby committed his worst fault, and at the same time suffered his worst punishment. Genuineness of assent and strength of conviction only aggravate the evil that has come upon him. To use the words of one who was a keen observer of psychological phenomena, they give him only "an energy of delusion that he may believe a lie."⁹ For him there is no platform of moral uprightness on which he can take his stand midway between truth and falsehood.

⁹ ἐνέργειαν πλάνης εἰς τὸ πιστεῦσαι αὐτοὺς τῷ ψεύδει.—2 Thess. ii. 11.

Only one of the philosophies we have been discussing can possibly be true. The adherents of at least one of the two systems are grievously in error from first to last. Without determining on which side the victims of delusion stand, or whether they do not stand on both, we are safe in asserting that amongst them will be found many men of striking mental ability, of laborious and persevering mental effort; men who claim the right to instruct their fellows, and whose claims are readily admitted. It is of these men, then, we are forced to say: their intellectual life has gone wrong from the beginning; their whole plan of thought has been a blunder, and every influence which has passed from their sphere of speculation and theory to bear its due fruit in their acting lives, has necessarily worked to set them in antagonism with the true laws of human life.

That this should ever happen is a matter of grave import. It becomes graver when we observe that it may happen, nay, has actually happened, on an occasion where the weightiest questions have to be decided, where the evidence for the decision was of the most obvious and familiar kind, and where nature itself laid it before every mind with impartial distinctness. That under circumstances of this kind men should accept what, from the very nature of the case, must be wholly untrue, and should then stubbornly follow out their first mistake through a lifetime of delusion, is a fact of solemn significance. I have shown that the causes which lead to this evil are to be sought in the mind itself. The study of these causes is of much scientific importance. It has, besides, an interest which reaches deeper than that of a mere speculative inquiry. It will, perhaps, give us an insight into mysteries of mind which pain as well as puzzle us. It may enable us to understand how it comes to pass that souls of the nobler type, rich in intellectual gifts, and rich, too, in the manly or tender virtues which win homage or affection, souls which, in our esteeming, are most worthy of the truth, often miss it in life, and go to meet in death the consequences of their error; while men of fewer gifts and fewer virtues instinctively discern the way of light and follow it. We may, perhaps, be able in some measure to explain *whence* this evil comes. *Wherefore* it comes, why it is permitted to be, we may not hope to know, till the last revelation is given us, and our eyes are opened, and we understand how evil has been permitted, with a purpose, in a world which God once saw to be very good.

THOMAS A. FINLAY.

Passages from the Life of a Yorkshire Lady.

CHAPTER IX.

A GLEAM OF HOPE.

MARY'S perplexities came to a crisis even more quickly than she could have imagined. She had not yet passed through two months of her novitiate, but her surprising graces had already made a great impression upon others, and before all upon Father Keynes, who was still her confessor. "He began to see," says our German biographer, "that there was far more in his penitent than he had at first imagined, and that he had rated her too low. Moreover, he could not but perceive that neither her bodily powers nor her superiority of intellect made her a fitting occupant of the post she now held." It was the talk of all the inhabitants of St. Omer, especially of the upper classes, among whom her virtues were already appreciated, that Mary should be placed in such a situation. She mentions this fact in her autobiography, saying that, "the people of the town spoke strongly against it." It was the theme also of various letters from England, equally deprecatory, and these expressions of opinion brought forward further invitations from other convents, who would, she tells us, willingly have received her. These things, added to the increasing knowledge of Mary herself, which he had gained during the two months for which he continued to be her confessor, gave Father Keynes many uneasy thoughts. But Winefrid Wigmore tells us more, and gives us also a little of her own mind as to the whole affair. Father Dominic Bissel, as we shall see, expresses himself in a similar manner. The former says: "Her dearest and best Master [at length showed that the sufferings which His servant endured with so much fidelity and constancy were agreeable to Him, and took her cause in hand¹] and did at once please Himself in her faithful suffrance, and revenge her quarrel, for that religious

¹ Fr. V.

man [formerly²] her confessor, as also the religious woman who had proceeded indirectly in that matter, fell both of them [dangerously ill³] into desperate sicknesses [tormented besides⁴] with such remorse of conscience as her remaining [persevering⁵] in that state seemed their torture." Father Bissel writes that "they," the confessor and Abbess, "were troubled with such a gnawing of conscience that the maiden's remaining in the convent became a torment to them both." "And whereas," continues Winefrid Wigmore, "he," Father Keynes, "had before said it was God's will she should enter, he now [assured her⁶] that it was God's will she should come out." "What was wonderful," adds our quaint German biographer, "he was himself the angel who, as he had foretold, came from Heaven and gave Mary this contrary advice, telling her expressly that she ought to leave the convent."

This sudden announcement placed our poor Mary in a state of extreme bewilderment and distress. Father Keynes had solemnly given her the very opposite decision so short a time previously that her confidence was shaken. She prudently reflected, however, that there were now others as well as himself who ought to be consulted in the matter. "But this champion," continues our manuscript, "[this 'valiant woman' would not let herself be so easily shaken or persuaded⁷] was not so highly moved to quit, what once while [still being⁸] actually her confessor he had so oft and oft assured to be God's will, and this without knowledge of what she was to do [the state where God would have her⁹], wherefore, discreetly [with much prudence¹⁰] answered, by order she entered and by order she would go out or die a thousand deaths there, not that the practice had rendered it sweet or easy to her, but before she entered she had no guide but her confessor, now the Superiors of the Order were hers, and were to dispose of her, accept, or send her away [as seemed good to them¹¹]." The exact date is not given us at which this communication passed between Mary and Father Keynes; it was after the Father's illness, and therefore some time subsequently to the two months during which he had been her confessor. She appears to have had no one to consult at this juncture, the Novice Mistress being still ill and within the enclosure; but we are told that she did not make her reply to Father Keynes without previous and earnest prayer to God,

² Fr. V.³ Fr. V.⁴ Fr. V.⁵ Fr. V.⁶ Fr. V.⁷ Fr. V.⁸ Fr. V.⁹ Fr. V.¹⁰ Fr. V.¹¹ Fr. V.

"day and night, that He would cause His Divine will to be fulfilled by her."

Thus matters stood for the next few months, for Mary, not being able to speak of them personally to her superiors, went on steadily with her daily hard work, and waited for Almighty God to make her way clear, through obedience, when the right time should come. Meanwhile she applied herself to the most punctual fulfilment of the rules and customs of the place, and in spite of the state of dryness with which, as we have heard, God tried her, her soul was in peace, and she says that this enabled her the better to address herself to the French confessor, as, having little or nothing new to confess, her want of knowledge of the language was no difficulty. "Thus," she adds, "the way is always open by His goodness, to those who seek God uprightly, and He is exceedingly kind in the forgiveness of faults which have been committed through human frailty."

And what can we imagine to have been the thoughts over which Mary pondered during these long months, whilst upon her toilsome journeys up and down the streets of St. Omer, among the floating vegetable gardens of the suburbs, through heat and cold, and, as it must often have been, through rain and snow, dust and mud, providing for the daily wants of an overflowing community, in her thick, heavy lay-sister's habit, moreover, loaded with her beggar's wallet, and, for a length of time, with an "impostume" on her knee into the bargain? Surely hers was no heart to be pent up in itself and its own little focus of disagreeables, troubles, and perplexities, or even of anxieties as to the future; she could not so soon and so entirely have forgotten her "own people and her father's house," as to have blotted out from her memory either the scenes which were enacting when she left her native country, the blood which had been shed so profusely for the faith, or the bitter troubles and miseries in which those she knew and loved, and thousands of others also, were, it might be, at that very time involved. She must have had letters from England; and they, without doubt, would have described the increasing pressure of the penal laws, especially through the hateful oath of allegiance of James the First, the difficulty of evading it, and the ruin or fearful temptation to apostacy to which it exposed whole families and especially the young among them. Her own blessed freedom in a Catholic country, with its thousand daily recurring exterior signs of fidelity to the faith, would make the picture

all the darker, and as she recalled those with whom she had formerly associated, and perhaps dreaded to hear of some of them having faltered or even fallen under the trial, the remembrance of the far greater numbers who, in England, had already wholly abandoned the religion of their forefathers and become confirmed Protestants, must have risen up before her mind, and made her heart, while it burned for the insulted honour of God, still heavier. But with Mary Ward, to think and to pray were almost one and the same thing.

Let us hear from Winefrid Wigmore what further resulted : "On St. Gregory the Great his day, her special advocate and patron, towards the end of her noviceship, working with the rest of the religious, as the custom was, on their habits and what belonged to them, she offered up certain devotions for the conversion of England, remembering the Saint [representing to this great Saint¹²], the graces he on earth had done the said country, begging he would not forget them [it¹³] now and obtain for her [the grace¹⁴] that she might live and die in God's will [in the accomplishment of the holy will of God¹⁵]. Scarcely had she ended her prayers, when the bell rung to call them [the community¹⁶] all together to receive their [Father¹⁷] General his blessing, he happening at that time to make his visit there, which falls out but once in six years." This Father was Andrew Soto, a Spaniard of Old Castile, a Recollet of the Franciscan province of the Conception. He was a professor of theology and had several times filled the office of Guardian. He was Commissary General of the Provinces of Strasbourg, Cologne, Ireland, England, Flanders, and Lower Germany. We are told of him, that "he was a man truly wise, prudent, humble, charitable, mortified, and gifted with every virtue."¹⁸ He wrote several spiritual works in Spanish. He died at Brussels in 1625, and was buried before the altar of the Holy Cross, which the Archdukes had erected for him. "When he had done," continues Winefrid Wigmore, "he called for [to speak to¹⁹] the English. There being none of the nation but she," that is, of course, among the lay-sisters (but what had become then of Anna Campion, who had been held up to her as a model for imitation, but who must have left, if she ever entered, the outer convent ?) "she presented herself to him, who said :

¹² Fr. V. ¹³ Fr. V. ¹⁴ Fr. V. ¹⁵ Fr. V. ¹⁶ Fr. V. ¹⁷ Fr. V.

¹⁸ *Bibliothèque sacrée*, R. Pères Richard et Giraud, Dominicains, tom. xxiii. p. 194.

¹⁹ Fr. V.

‘My child, you are not for this state of life: you are capable to serve God, in whatsoever order; make your choice, I will serve you in whatsoever I can.’”

Mary knew not how to receive these kind words of the good Father otherwise than by shortly expressing her gratitude, after which she withdrew with the customary marks of respect, and returned to her work and devotions to St. Gregory. “This was the most unexpected news to her in the world,” continues our manuscript, “who had put herself and her whole rest [with an abandonment of herself²⁰] into the hands of the Divine Providence, not casting her thoughts on any particular [either on one side or the other²¹], but always had an unspeakable zeal for the good of [for assisting²²] England.” St. Gregory was not tardy in answering her prayers, for while still invoking him, the Father General’s words came back to her mind, and as she pondered over them, a very strong desire suddenly arose within her to found a convent of the Order for English women. This desire took such forcible possession of her mind, that she could neither dismiss nor diminish it, nor bring herself again to a state of recollection and equability. She therefore left the other religious, and “being returned to her cell, she put herself to prayer, and made an entire offer of herself to God, begging [the grace²³] to know and do His [holy²⁴] will.” She called upon our Blessed Lady and her other patrons to witness that this desire of hers should be directed to nothing else but only, as in former matters, so in the future also, to fulfil the all-holy will of God. This prayer was as rapid as it was fervent, for, carried away by the strength of her interior impulses, she resolved to hasten at once to the Father General to obtain his sanction and assistance. But she was too late, for he had already gone back to his monastery. “Yet,” Mary adds, “it seemed as if Almighty God was not displeased with this simplicity,” for He gave her another opportunity of consulting the General and better means of advancing her design. “She would recount to us,” continues Winefrid Wigmore, “(as she was pleased to term it), her simplicity, thinking wherein the good Father his assistance might contribute to God’s service. She concluded he might put two monasteries in one, and leave one [in short, that of two monasteries which there were of this Order, he could put all the religious of that country in one and leave the other²⁵], for [those of²⁶] the English nation [who

²⁰ Fr. V. ²¹ Fr. V. ²² Fr. V. ²³ Fr. V. ²⁴ Fr. V. ²⁵ Fr. V. ²⁶ Fr. V.

should desire to become religious of the Order of St. Clare²⁷." Laughing at herself when narrating the whole matter afterwards, she said that "she proposed" these simple ideas of hers (which were no less than to put the Poor Clares and Urbanists together) "to the General, and this with great sincerity [simplicity²⁸], who said that was a thing he could not do; but all in his power he would."

Up to this date, and even beyond it, Mary seems to have had no one to speak or advise with concerning this, now very unsettled, point of her vocation. Sister Mary Gough was still ill within the inclosure, so that she could have no personal communication with her. Before her illness, however, Mary appears to have consulted her upon the affairs of her soul, and to have spoken very openly regarding her vocation, putting the responsibility, as far as this was possible, into her hands, and begging her to tell her what she ought finally to do. Mary writes much in praise of this lady, whom she very highly esteemed and loved, saying, that for her great merits and her own affection towards her, she would willingly have lived all her life as the lowest servant under her, and that she had such confidence in her judgment and holiness, that she had no question in committing to her the decision of all her doubts and difficulties, especially those regarding her vocation. At some time subsequent to St. Gregory's day, Sister Mary Gough was sufficiently recovered to come back to the outquarters and to resume her duties there. Mary meantime, during the many weeks when she was deprived of access to her, had, from time to time, written down all that happened, together with her doubts and scruples and whatever had to do with her interior life and with her vocation. These papers she gave to the Novice Mistress on her return, repeating her former protest, that the responsibility and the decision should rest with her respecting her vocation, and entreating her to counsel her and tell her faithfully what ought to be her future course.

Mary does not tell us what the contents of these papers were, but she relates in general terms the result of much that passed within her soul, and which God had taught her, during these months, referring finally, as it would seem, to the desire she had so suddenly received of founding another convent of Poor Clares for the English. "When I was deprived of all human aid, I had recourse to God, as my only helper, Who

²⁷ Fr. V. ²⁸ Fr. V.

most immediately, and as if He had only waited for this abandonment, assisted me with manifold and very clear inspirations. These enlightenments were at the same time accompanied by a great peace and a great strength of soul, much more remarkable than I had ever before experienced; and it was shown to me, through them, that this calling was not my vocation, and that I could leave it without scruple. I discerned also many different things through which I was assured that this enlightenment was real; but I cannot now recollect it all in detail, so as to venture to put it down on paper. But this much I remember quite well, that Almighty God, on this occasion, imposed upon me nothing by way of command, neither did He constrain me to it in a Divine way, but only as if He had great compassion for me in my great labours, and as if, with quite a fatherly affection, He would put means into my hand for the solace of my grief. He allowed me besides full freedom to make use of these means or not. But I, because I was at that time quite inexperienced with regard to such heavenly favours, knew not how the thing was to be done, and I had no one in this case who could instruct me. From this time, therefore, I wrote down what happened, in order to show it to my above-named Superior when I could go again to her. But after I had written it I put it immediately out of my mind, that I might not, by many thoughts, be hindered in the business and occupations of my present calling." The above extract is from *Mary's Italian Life*, written by her in 1627.

After having read and maturely weighed all that Mary had written down, the Novice Mistress does not appear to have entertained any doubts as to the opinion she was to give, but before very long returned the papers to her in person, at the same time saying to her in few and clear words, "that certainly the calling of a lay-sister out of enclosure, and only under the Third^d Rule of St. Francis, was not her vocation, but that she ought to seek to enter the choir and enclosure under the First and severe Rule of St. Clare." This decision ended Mary's long strife with herself: she had received every necessary sanction; her superiors as well as her former confessor had spoken, and now agreed with the interior voice which had always told her that she was not in the vocation where God would have her to be. She therefore delayed no longer, but acting with the firmness and promptitude which belonged to her character, she at once made up her mind to the needful step and left the convent.

CHAPTER X.

A NEW DESIGN.

AT the time when Mary Ward left the Convent of Poor Clares at St. Omer—that is, about the month of May or June, 1607—there was only one foundation abroad made expressly for Englishwomen, that of Benedictine nuns at Brussels, which was begun in 1598, by Lady Mary Percy, the youngest daughter of Thomas, Earl of Northumberland, who, as we have already heard, was concerned in the rising in the north for Mary Queen of Scots, and who was beheaded in 1572. There were English nuns, it is true, scattered here and there in the convents of other orders, but none had ever yet separated themselves so as to form distinct communities for their own nation. Such an arrangement was, however, very desirable; for the habits and manners of a foreign country, even within the enclosure, made an ascetic life doubly hard to strangers. There must also have existed as great a dissimilarity between the characters and temperaments of the English and foreign nuns who were in the same cloister, as there was between their way of living and that common in England. Conventual fare and occupations in the Low Countries, at the end of the sixteenth century, as described in a contemporary manuscript, do not sound very congenial to English tastes and ways. We read there¹ of “coarse rye bread, and beer exceeding small,” and of the “ordinary fare” being “a mess of porridge, made of herbs called *warremus*,” with the addition of “a little piece of black beef, about the greatness of two fingers at dinner. In Lent, only a mess of the same Dutch porridge, half a herring, or such like thing each one, and some little portion of peas dressed with lamp-oil.” It was considered a luxury granted afterwards to the weakness of the English, that to these, “one little loaf of wheat-bread each and some oatmeal porridge were allowed every week.” Then, as to occupations, the writer acknowledges that they “were hard for gentlewomen to undergo, as washing of linsey wolsey clothes, which were to be beaten (as the manner is) in such sort, that some of the nuns were sore after the wash-day in all their limbs, as if they had been disjointed; the washing of linen in lye, which fetched off the skin from their fingers; mending the ways of the paved courts

¹ MS. “Chronicles of St. Monica’s, Louvain,” in *Troubles*, &c., series i. pp. 35, 36.

within the cloister," and even "helping to weave linen in the looms, which was indeed man's work," adds the manuscript, "and very hard for tender, weak women," and especially we may subjoin for those who were English ladies, whatever the Dutch could accomplish. The plan, therefore, of separating the English nuns, which Mary Ward was the first to originate, had much practical good sense in it.

The next house which, after her example, adopted this plan, and where a separation was effected between the members of the two nations, two years subsequently to the time of which we are writing, was St. Ursula's, Louvain, whose community-life is described above. It was a convent of Augustinian nuns, who had received an English nun in 1548, at the time of the suppression of religious houses, her own included, in England. Other ladies followed her over, and in 1606 there were twenty-two Englishwomen there, who were allowed in 1609 to form a separate community in the town, that of St. Monica, and they soon increased greatly in numbers. From this date until 1616 we do not hear of any other English Foundation, beyond those in which our present history is concerned. In that year the Sepulchrines founded a convent at Liège for Englishwomen, and in 1619 there were two other English Foundations, one at Antwerp for Carmelites, undertaken by Lady Lovel, daughter of Lord Teynham, the other at Brussels for Franciscans of the Third Order, which was organized by Father John Gennings, the reviver of the English Province of the Order of St. Francis, and who was then the Vicar and Custos for England, having entered the Order in 1611. These houses flourished so much as to send out filiations within a few years: the Benedictines at Brussels to Cambrai and Ghent, whence other filiations sprang; the Augustinians to Bruges, where they still remain; and the Poor Clares, as we shall hear, to several other towns, so that within a short period three or four hundred Englishwomen must have entered the religious state in France and the Low Countries.

But what were three or four hundred religious compared to the multitudes who, before the baleful era of Henry VIII.'s reign, had filled the religious buildings which covered the face of England? In 1535, we read of "three hundred and eighty smaller religious houses suppressed, their revenues given to the Crown, and ten thousand persons, many in the decline of life, sent to seek their fortunes."² Mary Ward must have heard her

² Burton's *Monast.* Ebor. p. 65.

pious grandmother mourn over many such houses, whose memory would have been still fresh in her mind, as she had known them in her youth; and in her day, if not, in solitary instances, in Mary's own remembrance, the deprived inmates, adhering to the vows they had taken, were spending their remaining years in some shelter bestowed on them by the charitable in the private houses of Catholics. In Mary's own Yorkshire³ there were one hundred and six religious houses of men and women which existed only as ruins when she was born, though she probably knew much more of their individual history than we can now gather. Where, then, were the devoted women belonging to her country in her own generation? It was the description of the devotion of those of her sex abroad which had drawn her to a foreign land. It was the sight of and participation in their holy life which was now leading her on a step farther. On the feast of St. Gregory of the year 1607, she had begun, almost unconsciously to herself, a new era in her spiritual life: it was by slow degrees, and through other lights given to her by God, that she afterwards learned that He had implanted in her on that day the first germs of her real vocation. Many years subsequently, in her Italian life, she calls the care for one's own salvation alone, "a parsimony or penuriousness;" at the same time honestly acknowledging, that by her natural disposition she was much more inclined to this penuriousness.

On St. Gregory's Day her heart awoke to the fact that she could perhaps contribute to the revival of the dying embers of Divine love in the souls of her countrywomen, first, by providing larger and more fitting means for attracting them once again to the religious state, and (as one of Mary's biographers leads us to believe) to cut yet more deeply at the root of the growing evil in England, by providing refuge and shelter and even education for the young of her own sex, before they should be old enough to be tempted away by the treacherous poison of misbelief and error.

If such a design were presented, even as a dim, cloudy outline to her mind, so large and expansive a conception, eminently fitted as it was for the overwhelming needs, not only of England, but of other European countries where heresy in every shape was rife and growing apace, was nothing less than an especial gift of God, so far in advance was it of most of her contemporaries, with whom it sufficed to struggle with the difficulties of

³ *Ibid.* p. 58.

the moment as they presented themselves, but who did not possess sufficient grasp or power to do battle at close quarters with the evil which caused them. The thought as it offered itself to Mary was, as far as we have seen, sudden and unexpected, and confined itself to one enterprize, small in proportion to what might lie behind it. Whatever the future might develope was hidden from her, and the present involved too much practical thought and labour to look beyond. But how often has not the truth of our Lord's words been demonstrated since He uttered them! The little "grain of mustard seed" is too insignificant and unobtrusive outwardly to give any sign to bystanders on earth of the "great tree," which the Almighty Eye has beheld and taken pleasure in from all eternity.

To return to the course of our history. At the early age of twenty-two, Mary Ward had now become her own mistress, without any one to control or interfere with her, and free therefore to choose and shape her future course as she deemed best, though with this attendant disadvantage, that she was left in a foreign land, with few to whom she could look for counsel or assistance, or for protection in case of difficulty. It must have been rather a desolate moment when the time actually came for the young English girl to leave the shelter of the convent, to live alone in the town of St. Omer; almost as gloomy as that of her landing in a strange country, with the uncertainty where her lot was to be cast, the year before. But circumstances were changed. Her mind was now fully occupied with a plan, which, if not developed as to detail, was yet very definite to herself in its purport and as to her own intention to leave no means untried to carry it into effect. Her whole heart was in the project, and her energetic will bent upon its success. We are told that she asked the advice of the Commissary-General of the Franciscans, as well as of others, among whom was the Abbot of St. Bertin's, how she could best set about her purpose, and found out for the first time that it was not so easy a scheme as she imagined, and that, in short, if there was to be an English convent of Poor Clares, it would have to be founded expressly for that object, and that such a design was beset with difficulties. But the knowledge in no way daunted Mary. She had engaged herself in another "venture of faith," and in this, as well as in others subsequently, difficulties but came before her, as they do to great souls, illumined by faith, as things not to cower before, but to be surmounted for the love of God. She adhered un-

alterably to her design, and commending the matter to Almighty God and to her patron saints with fervent prayers, she pondered over the ways and means best fitted for its commencement.

Mary's thoughts were full of the future, but in bringing her desires and intentions to Almighty God, and seeking His guidance with regard to them, she could not but have reviewed the year just come to an end. Many a thanksgiving was ready on her lips, as her conscience witnessed, that, as far as human weakness permitted, she had passed it well. She seems to have been accustomed at a later date, sometimes to talk over her early days with her companions, and Winefrid Wigmore says: "I have often heard her speak of those times with [very great⁴] content and satisfaction, saying that she should never die with more assurance [a firmer hope⁵] of Heaven than [if she had died⁶] then, as a time when she had [in no way⁷] sought herself, but very sincerely [with a very sincere and disinterested heart⁸] God." It is well to remark that the very time of which she thus spoke, was one when, as it then seemed to her, God was turning away His face from her, and when she doubted of her final salvation. It was in the same dry, desolate state of soul that she was entering upon her fresh undertaking, and subsequently she believed that this state had been sent to her to guard her from taking any vain self-complacency in the blessed foundation which God had entrusted to her hands. Yet how far she was from this self-complacency may be seen by the fact that her very self-contempt, and the disinterestedness of her services, were hidden from her; for the severe subjects of meditations, which Father Keynes laid upon her, seem to have been advised by him in consequence of her complaints that her practices had only the appearance of virtue, and were in truth worthless and despicable because they had herself as their object.

It was not long before Mary made up her mind upon the immediate steps necessary with regard to the new convent. The first difficulty probably represented to her was, that the population of St. Omer was not sufficiently large to admit of another community dependent upon the alms of the faithful. But while on her begging-rounds as a lay-sister, Mary had heard of some land at Gravelines lately bequeathed for the commencement of a religious foundation, and she therefore applied for assistance in procuring it to the Bishop of St. Omer,

⁴ Fr. V. ⁵ Fr. V. ⁶ Fr. V. ⁷ Fr. V. ⁸ Fr. V.

himself a Franciscan, and also to the Abbot of St. Bertin. This is the first time that we hear of the Bishop in connection with Mary Ward; though he seems already to have known her well, at least by reputation; we shall afterwards have frequent occasion to mention him. St. Omer had only been erected into a bishopric about fifty years previously, after the town of Therouanne, the seat of the ancient see, had been razed to the ground by Charles the Fifth, and its territory divided between France and Spain at the Peace of Chateau Cambresis. James Blaise or Blaze, the holy and zealous prelate, to whom Mary Ward had recourse, occupied it from the year 1600 to 1618. He was a great encourager of the good works carried on in his diocese. In 1601-2, he had consecrated the new churches built by the Franciscan nuns "du Soleil," and by the Capuchins, and he was, as we shall afterwards find, on terms of friendship with some of the Jesuit Fathers.

It was probably from Bishop Blaise that Mary learned that she could not obtain possession of the desired land at Gravelines, or erect a religious building upon it without the concurrence of the heads of the State, and of the local authorities through them, as well as his own. He would not be backward in his praises of the Archdukes, and there was no difficulty in petitioning sovereigns concerning a religious foundation, whose piety and liberality towards the religious orders were known far and wide through their dominions. Albert's sister, Margaret of Austria, daughter of the Emperor Maximilian the Second, was herself a Poor Clare in Madrid, and he was likely, therefore, to regard that Order with a kindly eye. We do not hear whether it was Mary's own thought originally, or whether it was by the Bishop's recommendation, that she determined to go to Brussels to plead the cause of the new foundation in person. By what followed it seems very likely to have been entirely her own plan. She lost no time, however, in debating, but having obtained the Bishop's sanction, travelled without delay to Brussels. She could not have been destitute of good recommendatory letters both from St. Omer and probably from her friends in England, as her connection with many families known abroad for their devotion to the Catholic faith would have stood her in good stead at the Court of Brussels. The attained Countess of Northumberland had lived and died in the Low Countries, one of the many pensioners on the bounty of Spain, since the rebellion of 1569, and her daughter, Lady Mary

Percy, to whom Mary Ward was related, was now a professed nun, and a few years afterwards was made Abbess of the Benedictine Convent at Brussels. It was perhaps to this convent that she first directed her steps, and where she finally fixed her temporary abode. Lady Mary was well known to the Infanta Isabella, and Mary may have obtained her personal introduction to the sovereigns through her. Isabella had so interested herself in this English community as to offer its first members a foundation, which they had however declined; but a letter, probably of a spy,⁹ informs us that "the Archduke gave £2,000 with which they bought a house," and that when "Lady Mary Percy, Mrs. Dorothy Arundel, and six other English ladies took the habit, the ceremony was very solemn, the Infanta, who was their godmother, Archduke, and all the Court and the Pope's Nuncio being present. The eight were most bravely apparelled (borrowed ware), and adorned with rich jewels like brides. The Infanta brought them into the church leading the Lady Mary and Mrs. Dorothy, and one of her great ladies led each of the others. The Infanta embraced them all, and assured them she would be a mother to them. The Archduke promised them all assistance. The Infanta made a banquet for one hundred persons, the great ladies, Abbess and nuns dining at one of the tables. 'It was one of the solemnest things that was seen this hundred years; many ladies and others could not forbear weeping.'"

These circumstances, and many similar acts of kindness, were doubtless known to Mary Ward, and encouraged her in her present enterprize; they form one out of innumerable instances of the kindheartedness which was a prominent feature in the characters of both Isabella and Albert. Whatever may have been the mistakes or errors of these Sovereigns in the government of their kingdom, they cannot be laid to their own personal want either of this attractive quality or of the highest principle and the most sincere religion. But they were too devotedly Catholic to please a liberal and free-thinking posterity. Philip the Second's dying words, addressed to Isabella before she was yet married to the Archduke, were: "My daughter, I commend to your care the Catholic faith in Belgium, for it is for that reason that I give it you as a dowry."¹⁰ Isabella

⁹ Letter of J. B. alias John Petit, to Peter Halins, November 13, 1599, *Flanders Correspondence*, Calendar of State Papers, vol. 1598—1601, p. 343.

¹⁰ Bruslé de Montpleinchamp, *Histoire de l'Archiduc Albert*, Collection de Mémoires à l'Histoire de Belgique, p. 194.

certainly faithfully obeyed. She was Philip's eldest and favourite daughter, and "pronounced by Cardinal Bentivoglio, himself a man of splendid intellect, as a woman of genius, who had grown to be a prodigy of wisdom under the tuition of her father, the most sagacious statesman of the age."¹¹ Historians tell us that she enjoyed a greater share of Philip's love and confidence than any other human being. She was present at his councils from the age of twelve, and was intrusted by him with the most important affairs. The Emperor Rudolph, the Archduke Ernest, and the Duke of Guise had all asked her in marriage; but it was not until Isabella was thirty-six, and only shortly before Philip's death, that he very reluctantly made the arrangement to part with his best beloved child. Her fervent piety scarcely needed the spur of obedience to her father's wishes and to the conditions, both public and secret, upon which she held her sovereignty, though all these reasons may have united in the zealous patronage which both she and Albert rendered to every good and religious work. The Archduke was no less pious than Isabella. His sister, the Poor Clare, used to say that their holy mother, Mary of Austria, who had implanted in him a great and filial fear of God, taught her children, as Queen Blanche of France did St. Louis and St. Isabella, to have an extreme horror of mortal sin. This horror Albert retained through his whole life. He placed the purple and his sword on the altar of our Lady of Hal, after receiving the homage of the States, and her figure was embroidered on his banner. One of his panegyrists said of him, that "his greatest happiness was to lay the stone of a church:"¹² and besides restoring those falling to decay, he built three hundred new ones. Of Isabella we learn, that "the sick and needy, hospitals, churches and monasteries alone knew that she was rich."¹³ "What these sovereigns spent in founding, endowing, and enriching churches, and convents in Brussels alone, is incalculable,"¹⁴ says another writer. Among the latter, they founded and endowed one for twenty-one Carmelites in the capital, "en l'honneur de Madame Ste. Anne et Monsieur St. Joseph," and innumerable petitions for aid poured into them

¹¹ Motley's *History of the United Netherlands*, vol. iii. p. 553.

¹² Quoted in *Albert et Isabelle, Fragments sur leur règne*. Ch. Potvin, p. 149.

¹³ *Portrait en petit d'Isabelle Claire Eugénie, Infante d'Espagne*, p. 27. Par le Sieur de Morgues S. Germain. Paris, 1650. Written at the command of her niece, Anne of Austria, the Queen Regent of France.

¹⁴ Potvin, p. 149.

from every part of the Netherlands, which seem seldom to have been rejected. "The smallest details were important to the devotion of the Archdukes,"¹⁵ writes the same author, a fact abundantly proved by the daily entries of their expenses in the archives of the kingdom. Sometimes it was to roof a church or rebuild a tower; sometimes for refugee (some of them perhaps English) priests, or for the expenses of a chapter; sometimes for journeys or the dowries of religious, and even for such smaller matters, as to build a wall for the convenience of a recluse, for altar wines and music books, painted glass and pictures for churches, and, in 1602, "two hundred florins "pour des harengs salés à distribuer à divers cloistres et couvents pour leur soulagement durant le carême." Among these day-book entries of the year 1615, they had, in three days of one month, expended no less than sixteen thousand florins on pious purposes.

Isabella had received the golden rose from Pope Clement the Eighth, at Milan, on her way to Flanders after her marriage, and her future life fully justified this distinguished favour. A writer quoted above, who seems to have known her personally, says of her: "She displayed a royal majesty outwardly, while interiorly she retained true Christian simplicity. If in public she appeared as an Infanta of Spain, she was in her closet the daughter of God. The hours that she passed every day in prayer, reading spiritual books, and meditation, never interfered with the time set apart for public business. When on her knees before the crucifix, she remembered her cares of Government only to recommend them to God; when seated at her *escritoire*, which was loaded with letters, with petitions, memorials, despatches of all kinds, to be read and answered, signed or dismissed, her union with God did not hinder the attention she gave to all which she did."¹⁶ She never went to rest at night until she had read and replied to all the requests presented to her during the day, and on the arrival of couriers in the night, she ordered that she should be awaked, whatever were the hour. Her piety appeared also in her frequent Communion, and in the extreme honour which she paid to the Blessed Sacrament. She went on foot, torch in hand, at the long public processions usual in the Low Countries, and neither sun, wind, rain, nor snow would prevent her from leaving her carriage to follow It to the homes of the sick, when she would mount up to the most miserable garret, or accompany It into the most infected rooms,

¹⁵ *Ibid.* p. 157.¹⁶ *Le Sieur de Morgues S. Germain*, pp. 54, 12.

nor leave It until It was replaced in the tabernacle.¹⁷ "Yet," says the Belgian author last quoted, who wrote in the seventeenth century, "elle savait s'humaniser en son temps,"¹⁸ and after the example of Charles the Fifth, she took pleasure in joining in the amusements of the people, shooting in public herself on the great days of the associations of the arquebusiers and crossbowmen, and several times bringing down the mark. "She was good to all and severe to herself. She listened to her subjects apparently as to her vassals, while in her heart she considered them as her brothers. She was just without severity, prudent without finesse. Her humour was prompt and gay, her countenance always serene."¹⁹ In personal appearance "her courtiers esteemed Isabella as majestically beautiful;" she is described however by a contemporary, the Nuncio, Cardinal Borghese, afterwards Paul the Fifth, in his Diary of his journey to Madrid, 1594, as "a lady not above the middle size, rather beautiful than plain, with olive complexion and black hair, and not without the large, firm mouth of the Austrian family."²⁰ The Archduke is also said to have been "though rather small in stature, yet so majestic, that the most fearless of the Ambassadors were confused in his presence."²¹

¹⁷ *Ibid.* pp. 43, 24; also *Bruslé de Montpleinchamp*, p. 474.

¹⁸ *Ibid.*

¹⁹ *Pourtrait en petit*, &c. pp. 55, 57.

²⁰ *Philip's II. Abschied von den Niederlanden*, H. Schmolke, p. 4.

²¹ *Histoire de l'Archiduc Albert*, p. 535.

Letters of a Great Novelist.

THE two volumes recently published by the daughter and sister-in-law of the late Charles Dickens, and containing a portion of his general and unbusiness correspondence, scarcely possess definiteness or consistency enough to stand alone as a separate work. In respect both of form and completeness they should be treated as simply supplementary to Mr. John Forster's admirable *Life of Charles Dickens*, with which they thoroughly harmonize, supplying the only point wherein it was felt to be defective. Mr. Forster had been able to enrich his *Life* with letters addressed to himself, having the especial interest of revealing Charles Dickens to us when at work, either in creating and developing as a writer the different characters of each successive novel, or in preparing himself for the exact interpretation, through his public readings, of those characters as originally conceived in his own mind. But Mr. Forster did not give his readers an equal opportunity of judging for themselves what Dickens was in his more general relations with the members of his own family and with his own personal friends. In his correspondence with them Charles Dickens was singularly hearty and unstudied, and, as the editors of his letters say, no man expressed his own true self more unmistakably than he did when writing to his friends. The great value, therefore, of the two volumes now published is that, if read in connection with Mr. Forster's *Life*, they afford a clear and complete insight into Dickens' character as a whole, and enable us to know, as well as to love and esteem him even more highly than we had previously done.

The less favourable estimate of his character has set down as his ruling passion an all-absorbing and all-exacting egotism. His own strong individuality even in its most trivial manifestations, the possession of true genius and of many rare mental qualities, the fact of his most astonishing and intoxicating popularity with every rank and class of society, were points

ever present before his mind, and were realized with intense enjoyment by him, nay, were made the subject of constant comment in his conversation and correspondence. And we naturally ask ourselves, whence could this have arisen but from a most exaggerated self-esteem and vanity, from a radical fault of character unhealthily developed by flattery and adulation. The general tenour of Mr. Forster's Life and of the letters introduced by him tend but little to remove or modify this impression. But the more recently published correspondence of Dickens places this undeniable self-consciousness in a new and much more amiable light before us, fully justifying Mr. Forster's *resumé* of the personal characteristics of the great novelist. It shows him accepting as his due, and with fullest confidence in their sincerity, the hearty expressions of admiration and affectionate esteem so freely addressed to him, and at the same time responding with delight to the offers of friendship which these inspired. He had struck chords which found their echo in every breast, he had interested his readers in ideal characters as though they lived with and personally knew them, he had begun to enrich their colloquial talk with quaint proverbs that were at once seized upon and adopted. He had drawn their attention to their own half-conscious observations and feelings, and had pleased them with the revelation that others saw and felt the like. He had made them laugh and weep by turns till their sides and hearts both ached again, and he loved to break, in the most enjoyable unexpectedness, on their perception of the ludicrous with some expression or description which it seemed as though none but Dickens could have thought of. And so the hearts of thousands were drawn towards him as to an intimate friend, and his name became with every one a household word, associated with fun, and tenderness of feeling, and kindness of heart. Wherever he went Charles Dickens knew that he was a marked man, that he was perpetually being recognized and perpetually pointed out, and regarded with a thrill of interest. His personal friends loved him as intensely as they esteemed him, and the humblest artizan would often stop him in the street and beg to be allowed to shake hands with him. The incense of all this strongly marked, respectful adulation was grateful to him, the voice of praise was pleasing to his ear, and he made no secret of this enjoyment. He wrote and spoke almost rapturously of the ever-increasing demand for his books, or of the crowds that pressed, whether in Britain or

America, to hear his readings. Such is the Charles Dickens of his correspondence with members of his own family, with his intimate friends, with those who worked along with him or under his direction, but yet there is in the composition of his character no invidious self-conceit, no narrow-minded exclusiveness, no disinclination for the most generous sympathy with others, no shadow of false modesty or grimace. And we can only account for these apparent contradictions by acknowledging that there were in him many opposite qualities which actually lent a charm to his very foibles, and interwove bright threads of true virtue with the darker shades of his natural character.

In confirmation of our description of Charles Dickens under this phase of his character, we quote from one of his letters to Laman Blanchard, in which he writes: "I cannot thank you enough for the beautiful manner and the true spirit of friendship in which you have noticed my 'Carol.' But I *must* thank you, because you have filled my heart up to the brim, and it is running over. You meant to give me great pleasure, my dear fellow, and you have done it. The tone of your elegant and fervent praise has touched me in the tenderest place. I cannot write about it, and as to talking of it, I could no more do that than a dumb man. I have derived inexpressible gratification from what I know was a labour of love on your part. And I can never forget it. When I think it is likely that I may meet you, I shall slip a 'Carol' into my pocket and ask you to put it among your books for my sake. You will never like it the less for having made it the means of so much happiness to me." Then the honest enjoyment and recoil upon himself of his power both as a writer and as a reader are so genuinely confessed in the words of a letter from Belfast: "I have never seen *men* go in to cry so undisguisedly as they did at that reading yesterday afternoon. They made no attempt whatever to hide it, and certainly cried more than the women. As to the 'Boots' at night, and 'Mrs. Gamp,' too, it was just one roar with me and them; for they made me laugh so that sometimes I *could not* compose my face to go on." When at Scarborough he wrote to his sister-in-law: "*A propos* of children, there was one gentleman at the 'Little Dombey' yesterday morning, who exhibited, or rather concealed, the profoundest grief. After crying a good deal without hiding it, he covered his face with both his hands, and laid it down on the back of the seat before him, and really shook with emotion. He was not in mourning,

but I supposed him to have lost some child in old time. There was a remarkably good fellow of thirty or so, too, who found something so very ludicrous in 'Toots,' that he *could not* compose himself at all, but laughed until he sat wiping his eyes with his handkerchief. And whenever he felt 'Toots' coming again, he began to laugh and wipe his eyes afresh, and when he came he gave a kind of cry, as if it were too much for him. It was uncommonly droll, and made me laugh heartily." In these, and similar instances, as in the often-quoted letter describing the effect produced by him on Macready when reading "Copperfield" at Cheltenham, we have the invitation to all to come and share with him in the enjoyment of his triumphant success. Yet there is such a perfect absence of unhealthy craving for praise, such a fearlessness as to the possibility of empty flattery or want of sincerity in the admiration expressed, so much ready sympathy with the sadness or hilarity which he caused in others, and so little desire to concentrate the thoughts of his hearers or readers upon himself, that we do not feel ourselves shocked or pained even in his enthusiastic descriptions of his own success.

It has been objected against Dickens that he should have so frequently, especially in his letters to Mr. Forster, represented himself as being intensely smitten with the pretended reality of the leading characters in his books. There is no proof, however, that this was the result of any idle affectation in him. His practice of making the plot of each story unravel itself, and the different personages speak for themselves, and the skill which placed them living and breathing on his pages, like actors upon the stage, gave an objective individuality to each in turn before his own mind, as vivid as that which it presented before the minds of others. He identified himself with his own characters, and he quoted the happy turns of rich humour with which he himself had inspired them, out of a simple-hearted appreciation of their truth or effect, which perhaps the genius which creates can alone rightly estimate. More open to blame may seem his willing assumption of the adulatory titles with which his closest friends used to address him, partly out of fun, and partly out of their serious admiration, but always proceeding from the kindest feeling. It was according to his straightforward acknowledgment of his own gifts, it fitted in well with his exuberant spirits and rollicking humour, and it gave additional point and life to his intercourse with congenial minds, to write of himself as the

"Inimitable," or the "Sparkler." Besides which, we must remember that the use of expressive titles, nicknames, and quaint epithets, was a touch of wit which he constantly introduced into his tales, while each of his friends and of the members of his family rejoiced in many similar titles by which it amused his fancy to call them.

A man who was nervously anxious and fidgetty about the light in which he might stand before others would never have been able to forget, so often as he did, the stupidity or carelessness of those employed about him in the overpowering relish of some highly ludicrous or absurd turn given to the misadventure. His tender consideration, too, for the offender, always raised him above the danger of giving way to feelings of annoyance. Like others, he had to submit to adverse criticism, or to advice not in accordance with his own judgment. Here, again, we do not find him impatient or self-willed. Thus, in one of his very earliest letters to Macready, replying to the rejection of a farce proposed by him for acting, and which apparently had already enjoyed a successful run of seventy nights, he writes, "I can have but one opinion on the subject—withdraw the farce at once, by all means. I perfectly concur in all you say, and thank you most heartily and cordially for your kind and manly conduct, which is only what I should have expected from you; though, under such circumstances, I sincerely believe there are few but you—if any—who would have adopted it. Believe me that I have no other feeling of disappointment connected with this matter but that arising from the not having been able to be of some use to you. And trust me that, if the opportunity should arrive, my ardour will only be increased—not damped—by the result of this experiment." On a subsequent occasion, when M. Regnier sent a letter from Paris stating very explicitly political objections against the production in France of a play on which Dickens had rather set his heart, the latter at once relinquished the idea, sending ten thousand thanks, and concluding with the words, "I am just as heartily and cordially obliged to you for your interest and friendship as if the book had been turned into a play five hundred times. I again thank you ten thousand times, and am quite sure that you are right. I only hope that you will forgive my causing you so much trouble after your hard work."

We are safe also in saying that a man whose thoughts were centred exclusively on himself and the success of his own work could not have possessed Dickens' keen, painstaking interest in

the work of others. He assures a lady who had written a tale for him, "I have devoted a couple of hours this evening to going very carefully over your paper (which I had read before), and to endeavouring to bring it closer, and to lighten it, and to give it that sort of compactness which a habit of composition, and of disciplining one's thoughts like a regiment, and of studying the art of putting each soldier into his right place, may have gradually taught me to think necessary. I hope, when you see it in print, you will not be alarmed by my use of the pruning knife. I have tried to exercise it with the utmost delicacy and discretion, and to suggest to you, especially towards the end, how this sort of writing (regard being had to the size of the journal in which it appears) requires to be compressed, and is made pleasanter by compression. . . . I think there are many things in it that are *very pretty*. The Katie part is particularly well done. If I don't say more, it is because I have a heavy sense, in all cases, of the responsibility of encouraging any one to enter on that thorny track, where the prizes are so few and the blanks so many." His comments on the writings of others not only qualify criticism with generous praise, but are valuable as indicating the principles that guided his own style. In one letter he touches upon a point in which many have considered his own compositions faulty. Respecting one authoress he remarks, "These *Notes* are destroyed by too much smartness. It gives the appearance of perpetual effort, stabs to the heart the nature that is in them, and wearies by the manner and not by the matter. . . . Airiness and good spirits are always delightful, but they should sympathize with many things as well as see them in a lively way. It is but a word or a touch that expresses this humanity, but without that little embellishment of good nature there is no such thing as humour."

In another case, after giving stringent reasons for not admitting into the pages of *All the Year Round* a particular article offered, he pronounces favourably on the merits of the story itself. "The style is especially easy and agreeable, infinitely above ordinary writing, and sometimes reminds me of Mrs. Inchbald at her best. The characters are remarkably well observed, and with a rare mixture of delicacy and truthfulness. But it strikes me that you constantly hurry your narrative (and yet without getting on), *by telling it, in a sort of impetuous, breathless way, in your own person, when the people should tell it and act it for themselves*. My notion always is, that

when I have made the people to play out the play, it is, as it were, their business to do it, and not mine." Equally thoughtful and generous of praise was his acknowledgment to his great friend, Wilkie Collins, of the receipt of his works. "I have read this book," says he on one occasion, "with great care and attention. There cannot be a doubt that it is a very great advance on all your former writing, and most especially in respect of tenderness. In character it is excellent. Mr. Fairlie as good as the lawyer, and the lawyer as good as he. Mr. Vesey and Miss Halcombe, in their different ways, equally meritorious. Sir Percival, also, is most skilfully shown, though I doubt (you see what small points I come to) whether any man ever showed uneasiness by hand or foot without being forced by nature to show it in his face also. The story is very interesting, and the writing of it admirable. I seem to have noticed here and there that the great pains you take express themselves a trifle too much, and you know that I always contest your disposition to give an audience credit for nothing, which necessarily involves the forcing of points on their attention, and which I have always observed them to resent when they find it out—as they always will and do." Later on he continues, "You know what an interest I have felt in your powers from the beginning of our friendship, and how very high I rate them. I know that this is an admirable book. . . . I have stopped in every chapter to notice some instance of ingenuity, or some happy turn of writing. So go on and prosper."

The unceasing care and labour which he himself bestowed upon his work up to the last, are well exemplified in a letter written from America to his son Henry, so lately as the year 1868, and confirmed by the frequent observation of those who followed his readings with the book, that in scarcely a single instance was one word changed from the carefully studied form in which each scene or dialogue had been originally presented before the reader. He narrates of himself: "I should never have made my success in life if I had been shy of taking pains, or if I had not bestowed upon the least thing I had ever undertaken exactly the same attention and care that I have bestowed upon the greatest. Do everything at your best. It was but this last year that I set to and learned every one of my readings; and from ten years ago to last night, I have never read to an audience but I have watched for an opportunity of striking out something better somewhere. Look at such of my

manuscripts as are in the library at Gad's, and think of the patient hours devoted year after year to single lines." It was not only to his own work that he thus devoted both heart and soul, he was equally zealous in the cause of his friends. If he undertook an act of kindness or deed of charity, he carried the same spirit into all its details, and it was this loving zeal which so greatly enhanced the value of the services rendered by him, and drew the affections of so many friends. Another pleasing trait was his delicate solicitude that those who assisted him by writing for his periodicals should receive due pecuniary recognition. On this point he insists with Mr. Clarkson Stanfield: "I need not say how much I should value another little sketch from your extraordinary hand in this year's small volume, to which Mac (Mr. Maclise) again does the frontispiece. But I cannot hear of it, and will not have it (though the gratification of such aid, to me, is really beyond all expression), unless you will so far consent to make it a matter of business as to receive, without asking any questions, a cheque in return from the publishers. I know perfectly well that nothing can pay you for the devotion of any portion of your time to such a use of your art. . . . I cannot, nor do I desire to, vanquish the friendly obligation which help from you imposes on me. But I am not the sole proprietor of these little books; and it would be monstrous in you if you were to dream of putting a scratch into a second one without some shadowy reference to the other partners, ten thousand times more monstrous in me if any consideration on earth could induce me to permit it, which nothing will or shall. If you will do me a favour on my terms it will be more acceptable to me, my dear Stanfield, than I can possibly tell you. If you will not be so generous, you deprive me of the satisfaction of receiving it at your hands. What a stony-hearted ruffian you must be in such a case!" On a similar question he writes to Mrs. Gaskell: "You will not, I hope, allow that not lucid interval of dissatisfaction with yourself (and me?), which beset you for a minute or two once upon a time, to linger in the shape of any disagreeable associations with *Household Words*. I shall still look forward to the large sides of paper, and shall soon feel disappointed if they don't begin to appear. I thought it best that Wills should write the business letter on the conclusion of the story, as that part of our communications had always previously rested with him. I trust you found it satisfactory? I refer to it not

as a matter of mere form, but because I sincerely wish everything between us to be beyond the possibility of misunderstanding or reservation."

Perhaps the most attractive of any of Charles Dickens' letters are those which exhibit his ready sympathy with the misfortunes or sufferings of his friends. Mr. Thomas Landseer shrank from the act of calling himself on Charles Macready to present to him an engraving of one of his brother's pictures. Dickens sent it in his name, accompanied by the following note: "Tom Landseer—that is the deaf one, whom everybody quite loves for his sweet nature under a most deplorable infirmity—Tom Landseer asked me if I would present to you from him a picture by his brother Edwin; submitting it to you as a little tribute from an unknown but ardent admirer of your genius, which speaks to his heart, although it does not find its way there through his ears. I readily undertook the task, and send it herewith. I urged him to call upon you with me and proffer it boldly; but he is a very modest and delicate-minded creature, and was shy of intruding. If you thank him through me, perhaps you will say something about my bringing him to call, and so gladden the gentle artist and make him happy." We can quite understand the sincerity and fervour of his condolence with a friend whom he loved and admired so much as Charles Macready. He writes: "I received your melancholy letter (mentioning the death of his wife) a few days after it was written; but I thought it best not to write to you until you were at home again, among your dear children. . . . The many happy days we have passed together come crowding back, and the remembrance of what we had loved so dearly and seen under so many aspects—all natural and delightful and affectionate and ever to be cherished—was, how pathetic and touching you know best! But my dear, dear Macready, this is not the first time you have felt that the recollection of great love and happiness associated with the dead soothes while it wounds. . . . My dear friend, I have known her so well, have been so happy in her regard, have been so light-hearted with her, have interchanged so many tender remembrances of you with her when you were far away, and have seen her ever so simply and truly anxious to be worthy of you, that I cannot write as I would and as I know I ought. As I would press your hand in your distress, I let this go from me." In a similar strain he consoles another great friend, the Hon. Mrs. Watson,

on the death of her husband: "I cannot bear to be silent longer, though I know full well—no one better, I think—how your love for him, and your trust in God, and your love for your children, will have come to the help of such a nature as yours, and whispered better things than any friendship can, however faithful and affectionate. We held him so close in our hearts—all of us here—and have been so happy with him, and so used to say how good he was, and what a gentle, generous, noble spirit he had, and how he shone out among commoner men as something so real and genuine, and full of every kind of worthiness, that it had often brought the tears into my eyes to talk of him. . . . We have thought of you every day and every hour; we think of you now in the dear old house, and know how right it is, for his children's sake, that you should have bravely set up your rest in the place consecrated by their father's memory, and within the same summer shadows that fall upon his grave. . . . We know how the time will come when some reflection of that cordial, unaffected, most affectionate presence, which we can never forget, and never would forget if we could—such is God's great mercy—will shine out of your boy's eyes upon you, his best friend and his best consoler, and fill the void there is now. May God, Who has received into His rest through this affliction as good a man as ever I can know and love and mourn for on this earth, be good to you, dear friend, through these coming years! May all these compassionate and hopeful lessons of the great Teacher, Who shed Divine tears for the dead, bring their full comfort to you! I have no fear of that, my confidence is certainty. I cannot write what I wish; I had so many things to say, I seem to have said none. It is so with the remembrances I send. I cannot put them into words. If you should ever set up a record in the little church, I would try to word it myself, and God knows out of the fulness of my heart, if you should think it well."

When we read in Dickens' correspondence such outpourings of warm and deep sympathy, and know, from the same source, what infinite pains he took in using his influence and expending his energies to oblige his friends, how much he seemed to revel in the interchange with them of jokes and pleasantries and expressions of the most ardent affection, we cannot wonder at his being so much beloved by them in return. A few instances would be quite insufficient even to indicate the little

perpetually recurring touches, the ever thoughtful messages, the endless excuses and contrivances for mutual visits, or recreations to be enjoyed in common. We can only refer to his correspondence in general with his sister-in-law, with Macready, Stanfield, Frank Stone, the Hon. Mrs. Watson, M. Cerjat, Wilkie Collins, Miss Boyle, and others, as very delightful reading, warming our hearts towards his friends as well as towards himself. Dickens' amiable love of children, his cleverness in amusing them and winning their affections, were intensified when exhibited towards his own family circle. Every letter home contains some message or remark intended for the ear of one or other of his little boys, hardly to be recognized under the quaint name which his father's fancy had invented for him. As frequently does he express his hearty appreciation of some domestic joke, plan for amusement, or comical catastrophe. Thus, who can fail to enjoy with him the fun of the play which he got up in Tavistock House, and no small part of which lay in the letters which he wrote and the boyish eagerness with which he entered into it, as into every other scheme. How he tells "My dear Stanny" that he had "a lark in contemplation, if you will help it to fly. Collins has done a drama (a regular old-style melodrama), in which there is a very good notion. Now, there is only one scene in the piece, and that, my tarry lad, is the inside of a lighthouse. Will you come and paint it for us one night, and we'll all turn to and help? O what a pity it is not the outside of the light'us, with the sea a-rowling agin it! Never mind, we'll get an effect out of the inside, and there's a storm and a shipwreck 'off,' and the great ambition of my life will be achieved at last, in the wearing of a pair of very coarse petticoat trousers. So hoorar for the salt sea, mate, and bouse up!" After arranging this much, he decides he must add a farce in which his children, Katey and Charlie, can act, while he also wrote a little ballad for his daughter Mary. The acting of the play in the children's schoolroom was followed by the most jubilant laudations of its wondrous success. How many episodes there were in his life of the like nature!

As an instance of his tact in drawing out the quaint fancies of children, we quote his dialogue with a very juvenile friend, which smacks rather of Young America than of Ireland.

I am sitting on the sofa writing, and find a little boy of the house sitting beside me.

INIMITABLE. Holloa, old chap.

YOUNG IRELAND. Hal-loo !

INIMITABLE (*in his delightful way*). What a nice old fellow you are. I am very fond of little boys.

YOUNG IRELAND. Air yer? Ye'r right.

INIMITABLE. What do you learn, old fellow?

YOUNG IRELAND (*very intent on Inimitable, and always childish, except in his brogue*). I lairn wureds of three sillibils, and wureds of two sillibils, and wureds of one sillibil.

INIMITABLE (*gaily*). Get out, you humbug ! You learn only words of one syllable.

YOUNG IRELAND (*laughs heartily*). You may say that it is mostly wureds of one sillibil.

INIMITABLE. Can you write?

YOUNG IRELAND. Not yet. Things comes by deegrays.

INIMITABLE. Can you cipher?

YOUNG IRELAND (*very quickly*). Wha'at's that?

INIMITABLE. Can you make figures?

YOUNG IRELAND. I can make a nought, which is not asy, being roond.

INIMITABLE. I say, old boy, wasn't it you I saw on Sunday morning in the hall, in a soldiers' cap? You know—in a soldier's cap?

YOUNG IRELAND (*cogitating deeply*). Was it a very good cap?

INIMITABLE. Yes.

YOUNG IRELAND. Did it fit unkommon?

INIMITABLE. Yes.

YOUNG IRELAND. Dat was me !

We are puzzled to get at any definite conclusion as to what Dicken's religious creed really was. One of the most distinct points in it seems unhappily to have been a bitter prejudice against everything Catholic, though in slight opposition to that are the agitating effects produced on his mind by the events of a night in the Palazzo Peschiere, near Genoa, when he had a dream, or, as he thought possible, an actual vision from the spirit of a sister-in-law, whose early and sudden death had greatly affected him. With singular earnestness he imagined himself asking the question, "What is the true religion?" and then as remarking, "You think, as I do, that the form of religion does not so greatly matter, if we try to do good; or perhaps the Roman Catholic is the best? perhaps it makes one think of God oftener, and believe in Him more steadily?" The reply he thus describes: "'For *you*,' said the spirit, full of such heavenly tenderness for me, that I feel as if my heart would break; 'for *you*, it is the best.' Then I awoke, with the tears running down my face, and myself in exactly the condition of the dream."

Dickens was certainly not indifferent to the question of religion, but it seemed to be with him more a matter of vague and tender feeling, a reverential turning of his heart and mind towards God, without any acknowledgment of the existence of a Church in tangible form, or the profession of any really fixed and clear system of belief. He wrote an easy account of the New Testament, and also a little *History of England*, for his children, the latter so coloured evidently by his own political and religious views as to bias them against "any Conservative or High Church notions." He once remarked, "that every man who seeks Heaven must be born again, in good thoughts of his Maker, I sincerely believe," and, another time, fully granted that "in this world there is no stay but the hope of a better, and no reliance but on the mercy and goodness of God." The idea of authoritative mission or supernatural character in the Church is quite set aside by the passage in which he refers to *Essays and Reviews*, for he deprecates the tendency of the Church to "gradually shock and lose the more thoughtful and logical of human minds," and wishes it to be "so gently and considerably yielding as to retain them, and, through them, hundreds of thousands." He soon after remarks: "What these bishops and such like say about revelation, in assuming it to be finished and done with, I can't in the least understand. Nothing is discovered without God's intention and assistance, and I suppose every new knowledge of His works that is conceded to man to be distinctly a revelation by which men are to guide themselves. Lastly, in the mere matter of religious doctrine and dogmas, these men (Protestants—protestors—successors of the men who protested against human judgment being set aside) talk and write as if they were all settled by the direct act of Heaven; not as if they had been, as we know they were, a matter of temporary accommodation and adjustment among disputing mortals as fallible as you or I." The shrewd estimate here of the real value of Protestant doctrines, combined with a strong sense of God's constant presence and action in directing human affairs, leads us to hope that had Dickens given more time and deliberation to inquire into and weigh the merits of that true Church with which he sometimes came in contact, though only externally, he might have been drawn to see and welcome the marks of God's guidance of man through its teaching. We rejoice at least to find him impressing on his son Henry "the priceless value of the New Testament, and the

study of that Book as the one unfailing guide in life. Deeply respecting it, and bowing down before the character of our Saviour, as separated from the vain constructions and inventions of men, you cannot go very wrong, and will always preserve at heart a true spirit of veneration and humility. Similarly I impress upon you the habit of saying a Christian prayer every night and morning. These things have stood by me all through my life, and remember that I tried to render the New Testament intelligible to you and loveable by you when you were a mere baby." After writing in exactly the same strain to his youngest son Edward, he continues: "I now most solemnly impress upon you the truth and beauty of the Christian religion, as it came from Christ Himself, and the impossibility of your going far wrong if you humbly but heartily respect it." It was not according to the character of Dickens' mind to sift the real meaning or test the value of the phrases employed by him. We must be thankful to find him thus advising his sons, and thus able and willing to put himself before them as their example.

Like most men possessed of warm affections, Dickens was highly impulsive and excitable, and these qualities he carried to the length of an extreme restlessness and impetuosity in all his movements. It was a defect which often impaired the full working out of his story, which very likely made him impatient and exacting in domestic life, and which, under the pressure of his public readings, wore out his bodily frame, driving him for recreation into the fresh excitement of amateur theatricals and expeditions scarcely less fatiguing than work. In reply to the misgivings of his friends when he contemplated his visit to America, he freely confessed, 'I shall never rest much while my faculties last, and (if I know myself) have a certain something in me that would still be active in rusting and corroding me, if I flattered myself that I was in repose. On the other hand, I think that my habit of easy self-abstraction and withdrawal into fancies has always refreshed and strengthened me in short intervals wonderfully. I always seem to myself to have rested far more than I have worked; and I do really believe that I have some exceptional faculty of accumulating young feelings in short pauses, which obliterates a quantity of wear and tear." Such was the delusion of an over-sanguine and ever-energetic mind: if we read "disguises" instead of "obliterates," we should be about right. As early as 1857 he recounts the work of a couple of days to Charles Macready,

which may be taken as a sample of many similar achievements. "I hope you have seen my tussle with the *Edinburgh*. I saw the chance last Friday week, as I was going down to read the *Carol* in St. Martin's Hall. Instantly turned to, then and there, and wrote half the article. Flew out of bed early next morning, and finished it by noon. Went down to the Gallery of Illustrations (we acted that night), did the day's business, corrected the proofs in Polar costume in dressing-room, broke up two numbers of *Household Words* to get it out directly, played in *Frozen Deep* and *Uncle John*, presided at supper of company, made no end of speeches, went home and gave in completely for four hours, then got sound asleep, and next day was as fresh as you used to be in the far-off days of your lusty youth." The manner of narration tells its own tale as completely as the hurried work described. How much more dangerously then was the wear of life parallel with success in the history of the long to be remembered readings. A letter from Glasgow in 1867 tells how "we turned away great numbers on both nights at Liverpool; and Manchester last night was a splendid spectacle. They cheered to that extent after it was over, that I was obliged to huddle on my clothes (for I was undressing to prepare for the journey), and go back again. After so heavy a week, it *was* rather stiff to start on this long journey at a quarter to two in the morning. I am not by any means knocked up, though I have, as I had in the last series of readings, a curious feeling of soreness all round the body, which I suppose to arise from this great exertion of voice." Both at home and in America, Dickens had a regular staff of assistants, yet the fatigue of body and the anxiety of mind, from which none could effectually relieve him, must have been daily enfeebling his constitution. He writes from New York in 1868: "You may get an idea of the staff's work, by what is in hand now. They are preparing, numbering, and stamping six thousand tickets for Philadelphia, and eight thousand tickets for Brooklyn. The moment these are done, another eight thousand tickets will be wanted for Baltimore, and probably another six thousand for Washington. This, in addition to the correspondence, advertisements, accounts, travellings, and the mighty business of the reading four times a week!"

This last visit to America, coming upon all the labours of past years, and straining his nervous temperament, which had never completely recovered the shock of the railway accident

at Staplehurst in 1865, must have tended much to hasten on the end. His news from Boston is, "Catarrh worse than ever! And we don't know (at four) whether I can read to-night or must stop." Then on the next day, "I not only read, when I was doubtful of being able to do so, but read as I never did before, and astonished the audience quite as much as myself. Consider the weather. There have been two snow-storms since I wrote last, and to-day the town is blotted out in a ceaseless whirl of snow and wind. I cannot eat (to anything like the ordinary extent), and have established this system: At seven in the morning, in bed, a tumbler of new cream and two table-spoonsful of rum. At twelve, a sherry cobbler and a biscuit. At three (dinner-time), a pint of champagne. At five minutes to eight, an egg beaten up with a glass of sherry. Between the parts, the strongest beef-tea that can be made, drunk hot. At a quarter past ten, soup, and anything to drink that I can fancy. I don't eat more than half a pound of solid food in the whole four-and-twenty hours, if so much." This is already the dietary of a confirmed invalid. In 1870 came the closing scene. For many years he had suffered both from his side and from his foot, and these symptoms of inward disease were perpetually recurring with increased violence. During the previous year his medical advisers had decided that reading, *combined with travelling*, must be stopped for ever; and though, even after this, he appeared to recover his usual health, yet he never regained his old vigour and elasticity. On the 16th of March he concluded his series of "Farewell Readings" at St. James' Hall, and already had the bodily affection reached the right hand thumb, which had done so much work. His last public appearance was in the cause of friendship, ever near to his heart, for he was desirous of paying, at the Royal Academy dinner, a tribute to the memory of his dear old correspondent, Maclise. The 8th of June still found him hard at work, as he spent most of the day at his writing-table. But he had scarcely sat down to dinner when he rose suddenly, and after uttering a few disconnected sentences, sank heavily to the ground and fell into a stupor from which he never recovered, although he lingered until the evening of the following day.

Thus, at the age of fifty-eight, died one whose character is artlessly and truthfully written in his own letters as that of a man combining the fullest and most readily confessed consciousness of his own exceptional talents with the utmost

tenderness and delicacy of generous sympathy for others; who, while he seemed to identify himself with each character which he portrayed, in order to reflect its individuality back upon his own, yet was in his private life singularly free from all affectation or love of display; and who, with a daily unresting activity of intellect at his command, became at any moment the life and soul of some mirthful fancy and frolic which owed its inspiration to himself alone. The news of his death struck each heart with the sharp pang of a personal bereavement, and while the extent of his claims on our unqualified esteem and affection have been as variously estimated, as are still the exact merits and effects of his writings, yet no one refuses to hold his name in very kindly remembrance.

JOHN G. MACLEOD.

*A New Life of St. Catharine of Siena.*¹

SPITE of the sixty or seventy Lives of St. Catharine of Siena already in existence, it was only to be expected that the fifth centenary of her *transito* should bring an addition to their number. Indeed, it would hardly have been creditable to the zeal or the literary abilities of her spiritual children, had it been otherwise. For the publication of ancient documents, which has gone on of late years in Italy as well as elsewhere, has brought to light much additional material for her biography; and even of the unusually abundant and valuable materials already known, but a very imperfect use had been made by earlier writers. Most of them have been content to translate or abridge the original legend written by B. Raimond of Capua, St. Catharine's confessor, a most charming book, and very useful for spiritual reading, but eminently unsatisfactory to the critic and the historian from the entire absence of chronology from its arrangement. This legend was both abridged and supplemented with much interesting information by an older and equally intimate friend of the Saint, Father Caffarini. Then there is a large number of letters from the Saint herself; the depositions also of several of her contemporaries, taken before the Bishop of Venice in the Process which he instituted about thirty years after her death, in consequence of the public honours which were being rendered to her before she had been canonized by the Church; and a number of smaller memoirs, both in prose and verse, of the same antiquity. It will be seen even from this imperfect enumeration of authorities, that there is an unusual abundance of original documents from which to compile a complete life of St. Catharine. This abundance is, in part at least, to be accounted for by the fact that the Saint died at the early age of thirty-three, so that there was plenty of time to collect the evidence of the generation which had

¹ *The History of St. Catharine of Siena and her Companions.* Compiled from original sources. By the Author of *Christian Schools and Scholars.* Burns and Oates.

conversed with her and witnessed her wonderful works. But in addition to what has been so long in the hands of the general public, the author of the volume before us has been fortunate enough to unearth from the Communal Library at Siena several other contemporary MSS. of great value and interest, full particulars of which are given in the Preface. We will mention only two, which have a special interest to Englishmen, being compositions of Father William Flete, an English Augustinian hermit, who lived at Lecceto, in the neighbourhood of Siena, and was one of St. Catharine's chosen friends. He was quite a notable man in his day, enjoying so high a reputation for sanctity that his words had great weight with his countrymen, and his authority was respectfully appealed to even by the Parliament of the realm. The documents in question are a letter to Master Raimond of Capua, and a sermon composed by Father Flete, *in reverentiam B. Caterinæ de Senis*, the second year after her death. It is a verbose and voluminous panegyric, filling seventy-two closely written pages, and contains a great deal of authentic and valuable matter not to be found elsewhere. Caffarini had seen this sermon both in Siena and Venice, but says that, "not being now to be found, we must suppose that, from the scarcity of the copies, it has been lost." Happily this conjecture has been contradicted by the discovery of a perfect copy in the Communal Library at Siena, which has been transcribed for the use of our author.

It is a matter of sincere congratulation that it should have fallen into such good hands. Our fellow-countrymen might otherwise have been tempted to receive their impression of St. Catharine from the lively Protestant work of Mrs. Josephine Butler, whereas now we may not unreasonably hope that the high literary excellence of the work before us, and its very substantial additions to all earlier biographies of the Saint, will serve to secure for it an attentive perusal, even in non-Catholic circles. It is a genuine history, written with loving enthusiasm indeed, yet with strictest accuracy, by one fully competent for the task. It is not a history embroidered with romance; there has been no interweaving of fact and fiction for the purpose of relieving and enlivening the narrative. On the contrary, every statement has been carefully verified, and the authority on which it rests scrupulously recorded. Nevertheless, if it be not profane to say so, it has more than the thrilling interest of a romance, and will hold the reader a willing captive from beginning to

end. The principle on which it has been written is sufficiently explained in the following passage, which we are sure will commend itself to all lovers of truth.

It is often our misfortune that the very veneration which the saints inspire in their biographers makes war on the fidelity with which their characters are transmitted to us ; by which I do not mean (as the reader may well believe) to throw discredit on the miraculous facts which are delivered to us regarding them ; but only that there is a way of presenting us with the extraordinary which conceals from us the every-day reality : we learn something of the saint or the heroine at the sacrifice of knowing little or nothing of the woman. It is a vice which in its degree attaches to most biographies, in which the ordinary rule seems to hold good, of regarding as a disrespect to the persons who are their subjects, anything which sets them on a level with ourselves and displays them to us in their every-day aspect of flesh and blood. No greater error can surely be committed, and specially in treating of God's Saints. The tie between them and their votaries is, may I say it, the sublimest form of friendship. We do not merely venerate, but we love them ; and we desire to love, not abstractions, but realities. No fear that we shall venerate them less because we know them as they were ; no fear that we can be the losers by becoming familiar with their countenances, the tone of their voice, their ordinary ways, gestures, and phrases ; with their human infirmities, if such they had ; or with a thousand things which may be trifles to an indifferent eye, but which to those who truly love reveal the character and the heart (p. 159).

The story is told in purest idiomatic English, and the several incidents are set before us in so graphic a manner that we seem to be present at them as spectators, rather than as readers of a tale five hundred years old. And they are incidents of most varied character. Sometimes we are made to enjoy a hearty laugh ; as, for instance, when a Minister Provincial of a religious order and another learned man, both Masters of sacred theology, come armed with perplexing and difficult questions, determined "to shut the mouth of this ignorant girl, to put down this fuller's daughter about whom there is so much talk in the town." Presently, after a few burning words from the Saint, they are stricken with such fear that one of them takes the keys from his girdle, and cries out : "Is there any one here who for the love of God will go to my cell and give away all that he finds there, so that nothing may remain except my breviary ;" and the other goes yet further, for at once forsaking all the things of this world, he follows the holy virgin wherever she goes, even to the time of her death. This brings him in the end a very

amusing and suitable penance for his former offence; for when three prelates of very high rank sought an interview with her at Avignon, to try what spirit she was of, and to this end both addressed her in a haughty and insolent manner, and plied her with many difficult questions on the spiritual life, Father John—who was by this time deputed by the Holy See to accompany her and to hear the confessions of those who should be brought by her means to salutary penance—tried sometimes to answer for her, but they shut him up at once, saying, “You should be ashamed to speak in such a manner in our presence. Leave her alone, for she satisfies us much better than you do.” Or again, when she has converted an old gentleman of eighty, and bids him go and be reconciled with the prior of a certain church whom he had long sought the means of killing, and the worthy prior runs away on the first news of his approach, and even when he learns that he is alone and unarmed, he will only allow his terrible visitor to be introduced into his room when he has first secured the protecting presence of several friends. At other times we are melted into tears, *e.g.*, by the exquisitely touching narrative of the execution of the young knight of Perugia, who was condemned to death for having spoken words of disaffection against the political party that happened at the moment to hold the reins of government in their hands—but we must leave the Saint to tell the story in her own words in a letter to her confessor.

I went to see him whom you know of, and he was so cheered and encouraged that he confessed at once to Father Thomas, and showed the best dispositions possible. He made me promise, for the love of God, that when the time of execution came I would be with him. I promised him, and I kept my promise. In the morning before the sound of the bell I hastened to him, and my arrival greatly comforted him. I took him to Mass, and he communicated for the first time in his life. He was perfectly resigned to God’s will, and had no other fear than that his courage might forsake him at the last moment. But God in His goodness inspired him with such a love of His holy will, that penetrated with a sense of His adorable presence, he kept repeating the words, “Lord, be with me! Abandon me not; Thou art with me now, and all must go well with me! I die content.” Oh, how at that moment I longed to mingle my blood with his, and to shed it all for our sweet Spouse Jesus! This desire increasing in me, and seeing my poor brother agitated with fear, I said to him: “Courage, my brother! we shall soon be at the eternal nuptials. You are going to die washed in the Adorable Blood of Jesus, and with

His sweet Name upon your lips ! I charge you, forget it not, and I will wait for you at the place of execution." . . . I went, then, to the place of execution, where I ceased not to invoke our Lady and St. Catharine the martyr. But before he arrived, I knelt down and placed my own neck upon the block ; but, alas ! my desire was not fulfilled. Oh, how I prayed that our Lady would obtain for him at that last moment light and peace of heart ; and for the grace of seeing him attain his end. My heart was so full, and the impression of the promise I had received so deep, that in the midst of all that crowd of people I saw no one. At last he came, and like a meek lamb he smiled when he saw me, and desired I would make the sign of the Cross on his forehead. I did so, saying, "Depart to the eternal nuptials ; soon, very soon you will be in the life that never ends." He extended himself on the scaffold, and with my own hands I placed his head under the knife ; then I knelt by his side, and reminded him of the Blood of the Spotless Lamb. His lips murmured the words, "Jesus, and Catharine." Then the knife fell, and I received his head in my hands. I fixed my eyes on the Divine Goodness, and lo ! I beheld, as clearly as one beholds the light of the sun, Him Who is God and Man. He was there ; and He received that blood ; He received it and placed it in the open wound of His side, in the treasury of His mercy. Oh, how lovingly He looked on that soul, bathed in the blood made precious by being united to His own ! Then Father, Son, and Holy Spirit received him ; and he was inundated with a joy that would have ravished a thousand hearts. And then I saw him turn, as the bride does when she reaches the door of the bridegroom ; she turns and bows her head to salute those who have conducted her there, and to give them a last farewell. Then all disappeared, and I felt a delicious peace ; and the perfume of that blood was so sweet to me that I would not suffer them to wash away what had fallen over me. Alas ! miserable that I am, still to be left to linger in this wretched world ! (pp. 228—230).

But we must not dwell any longer on these minor anecdotes of her life, numerous and charming as they are. She was engaged, as everybody knows, in the great public events of her day ; at one time successfully labouring to reconcile noble families which had long been separated by hereditary feuds ; at another, ministering to the wants of the poor during the famine at Siena, or tending the plague-stricken at Florence ; rebuking a brutal tyrant like Barnabo Visconti ; seeking to gain the assistance for the Holy See of Sir John Hawkwood and his company of Free Lances ; using her influence to keep the cities of Pisa and Lucca faithful to the Sovereign Pontiff ; the recognized ambassadress of her countrymen to the Pope ; ordered

by the Pope himself to deliver an address to the assembled Cardinals on the subject of the schism; writing to the King of England on the same subject, and, as it would seem, not without considerable and beneficial results, &c.

This last particular is brought to our knowledge for the first time in one of the most interesting chapters of the present work, the fourth chapter of Book ii., entitled "England and the Schism." We can only make room for a single extract. After quoting Rinaldi's testimony that the English burnt with pious zeal against the traitors to the Church, the justice of Urban's claim being made evident to them, and after extracting from the same authority the sixteen "Reasons of the English" for adhering to Urban, our author continues:

It is manifest that those who guided the English Councils of State had not drawn up these reasons without thoroughly and accurately acquainting themselves with the history of the whole transaction. Rohrbacher has observed, that "the nation whose zeal most resembled the zeal of St. Catharine of Siena was undoubtedly England." But they not only resembled her by their zeal; they exactly reproduced her line of argument. There is an identity in the very language used and the points taken notice of in this State document of England, and in the letters of the Saint which, to say the least, indicates some common source of information. This similarity is also observable in the letter addressed to the Cardinals by the King and Parliament of England, which has been quoted a few pages back, in which we find the expression of "the face of the Church growing pale," the Sovereign Pontiff spoken of as "Christ," and the schismatics as "members of the devil," all which terms recall, in a striking manner, the language of St. Catharine.

We have seen her addressing her closely reasoned arguments to kings and princes, magistrates and republics; and the question suggests itself, did she despatch any such letters to England, and if she did, may they not have had their influence, as in other quarters, so also in the English Parliament? The inquiry is one of great interest, and in reply we are able to affirm positively that such a letter was despatched to the King of England. The proof of this assertion is contained in a letter addressed by Stephen Maconi, from Siena, to Neri di Landoccio, then with St. Catharine in Rome. It is dated June 22, 1372, and speaking of certain letters which he has asked his brother secretary to send to him, he says: "That was the third letter; the second contained the news of the Emperor, of which you promised to send me the copy; but I never had it. I also wrote to Richard at Florence, as you told me; but that other letter, *together with the copy of that which went to the King of England*, I have never had. You tell me to procure it, but I do not know from whom." Many researches have been made among

the English State Papers with a view of recovering this letter, but hitherto without success. But the fact remains, that St. Catharine did hold communication with Richard the Second, or his councillors, at this momentous crisis; nor is it to be supposed that they who attached such weight to the authority of an anonymous hermit as to adduce his testimony before the Parliament of the realm in support of their arguments, should not have given due consideration to the words of one who enjoyed so great a reputation as St. Catharine. But the hermit, if anonymous in the Parliamentary document, is not so to us. Our readers will at once have recognized in him our old friend, Fr. William Flete, who, from his solitude at Lecceto ("the place where the Brother Hermits of St. Augustine took their origin") had sent his letters of admonition and warning to his countrymen, and whose fame for learning and sanctity had secured from them so respectful a hearing. Here, then, is the link which unites this page in our national history with the story of St. Catharine. Her words, and those of her most devoted disciple, were heard and listened to in the Councils of England: they had their weight in keeping the English steady in their loyalty to the See Apostolic; and we hold it as indisputable, that they communicated to those who drew up this remarkable document some of the arguments which are there put forth in terms identical with those which we have seen used by St. Catharine herself.

We must not let our readers run away with the impression that this new Life of St. Catharine deals only, or even principally, with what may be called her social and public life. On the contrary, in no other Life that we know of shall we find fuller or better accounts of her wonderful gifts and graces: the frequent loving colloquies with her Divine Spouse, the crown of thorns, the exchange of hearts, the stigmata, &c. It would have ill become a spiritual daughter of the Saint to pass these things over in silence, or even to relegate them to a subordinate position. They belong for the most part to the earlier portion of her short life, and so occupy the greater part of Book I. They were the divinely appointed preparation for her public mission, and are attested by many witnesses, besides having been fully described by the Saint herself. Her present biographer, therefore, has left her as far as possible to tell the marvellous tale in her own words. At the same time, she has very wisely taken pains to point out that, however wonderful the final superstructure of her perfect faith and perfect charity may have been, it did not rest on a different basis, nor was subject to wholly different conditions, from the spiritual life of any one of ourselves. One of her confessors, who had known

her ever since she was nineteen, tells us the chief subject of her meditations was the Life of our Blessed Lord and the mysteries of His Passion. Her meditations were fed by spiritual reading, and supplemented by vocal prayers, amongst which the recitation of the Divine Office held a primary place. Then she was accustomed to frequent use of ejaculations, one of those most familiar to her being the words, *Peccavi, Domine, miserere mei*. These words, we are told, she always used at the end of her prayers, folding her hands and bowing her head. And the habit of a lifetime showed itself on her death-bed, when she repeated this same ejaculation more than sixty times. And it is very consoling and encouraging to read that, spite of her intimate experience of the most sublime stages of the spiritual life, she was most emphatic in declaring that there is no condition of the soul in which it ceases to be necessary for a man to practise mortification, and to wage war against his own passions.

Spite of her ecstasies, and the sublime degree of union with her Divine Spouse to which she was elevated, there is a charming simplicity and homeliness about her practical instructions which brings them home to the humblest level, as when she writes to her dear friend Alexia—

Make a tabernacle in your cell, so as not to be going about everywhere gossiping. Only go out when called by necessity, or charity, or obedience to our Prioress. . . . Watch the movements of your tongue, and do not let it always follow those of your thoughts; regulate your time well; watch at night after you have slept as much as you require, and in the morning go to church before occupying yourself in frivolous things. Do not change your rule of life too often. After dinner take a little time for reflection; then occupy yourself in some manual work. At Vesper time go where the Holy Spirit may call you, but be sure you return and take care of your old mother, and see she has all she requires, for that is your plain duty. From this time until I return, try to do as I say.

To these might be added many passages from her letters to her mother, to the mothers of some of her companions, complaining of the protracted absences of their children, and to others. We have no space, however, for further quotations from this admirable work, and we think the specimens already given will induce our readers to make a more intimate acquaintance with it themselves.

The New Persecution in France.

SOME ten years ago, the world was amused, and at the same time frightened, at the mingled levity and stupidity of the last Minister of Louis Napoleon, who, with a heart full of self-satisfaction, as if he was doing nothing more than ordering himself a pleasant dinner or arranging an excursion for a summer's afternoon, plunged his country into the great German War, which cost his master his crown and France the loss of two fine provinces, besides the lives of hundreds of thousands of her children, and the enormous fine which her conquerors inflicted upon her. Certainly, modern statesmen are often reckless enough, but France seems to have a sad monopoly of pre-eminent childishness in mischief-making among her temporary rulers. We cannot say that this quality is always shown on one side alone. Few things in recent history have been more thoroughly childish, for instance, than the manner in which the life seats in the Senate which were to be filled up by the last Assembly—the Assembly which made the present Constitution—were actually handed over, in great measure, to the minority by the majority, a certain number of extreme Legitimists voting for the candidates of the Left in order to exclude the more moderate Monarchists of the school of M. de Broglie and the late Bishop of Orleans. The consequences of that foolish act of spite have been felt ever since in the country. But we have witnessed, in the conduct of the present majority of the French Chamber, and of the Governments which have succeeded one another since the fall of Marshal MacMahon, instances of childish mischievousness which put to shame all former exploits of the same class of men. Just as M. Emile Ollivier sacrificed his country to an irresistible whim to *faire de la grande politique* for the sake of the Napoleonic dynasty, so now the French Republicans of the present day seem to have no thought of anything but of amusing themselves, at the expense of their country, in the wanton indulgence of their

insane hatred against religion. In doing this, they do not see that they are both discrediting the Republic, to which they profess themselves to be devoted, and endangering its existence. For experience ought sufficiently to have shown them that a popular Government is, under any circumstances, a weakly plant on French soil, and that its best chance of existence is gravely imperilled when it takes to indulging in freaks of tyranny and brutality of which wilier despots would be ashamed.

There are probably many good Englishmen who would be very sorry indeed to see a Republic established on this side of the channel, but who are yet desirous for the success of the present Republican experiment in France. That is, they think that a really Conservative Republic, if that were possible, might be a better factor in the counsels of Europe and the advancement of the general good, than a fresh Empire, established by another *coup d'état*, or even than a return to an Orleans or a Bourbon Monarchy. They see no reason why a Republic should not be honestly what it professes to be, and why liberty should not flourish without danger to order or to religion. Well, if there be any such Englishmen, as we believe there are many, let them consider the conduct of the French Republican party, now that it has had for some short time a real ascendancy in the country. Let them consider the absurd and puerile manner in which the majority has behaved, for instance, in annulling, simply by force of voting that black was white, the returns of so many members of the minority in the Chambers. Such conduct on the part of a majority in England or in America would produce either a revolution or a civil war. For such conduct violates the fundamental principles of free Government. Again, let them consider the conduct of the Government in regard of the magistracy—the manner in which the highest court, the Conseil d'Etat, has been “epurated” by the dismissal of its most respectable members, because it was certain that they would not obey the behests of the men in power, in cases when the arbitrary acts of these men themselves, in the suppression of schools and the like, would come before them. One of the first principles of a free Government is the independence of the magistracy, which must be secured from all danger of servility to the Executive power and even to the Legislative Chamber. We fought hard for this, in times past, in our own country, and had to suffer much before this independence was

established. It is as much an essential of a free State as is the right of the electors to send the men whom they choose to the Assembly or Parliament. Both these rights have been trampled under foot by the faction now dominant in France.

We quote these instances as showing the utter folly of the policy now prevailing. If it had been desired that the French Republicans should show by their acts that France is not a country in which a fair popular Government is possible, the desire could not have been more effectually fulfilled. Englishmen are not sympathizers with what is called the "policy of cataclysms." That is, we do not wish to see the Constitutions of Christian countries altered by force or by revolution. Again, the Catholic Church has always been able to make her home, and discharge her sacred mission, under any form of society and of Government. She has had enough to suffer at the hands of kings, and at the hands of French kings in particular, to make her willing enough to live without them, if she be allowed to live. But the conduct of the men now in power in France is, we conceive, such as to make all admirers of popular Governments hide their faces in shame and despair. And who can blame the French Catholics if their loyalty to a system so wielded, a system in which it is possible to ape in the name of liberty the worst acts of corrupt despotisms, to attack education in the name of enlightenment, and religion in the name of humanity, is very sorely indeed tried and strained? These men do not see what they are doing, any more than did M. Emile Ollivier in 1870. He was really making the continuance of the Empire of his master impossible, and they are making it impossible for any sensible Frenchmen to tolerate the Republic.

The blow which has lately been struck at the Religious Orders in France, by the decrees of March 29, is one which Catholics will more easily understand than their Protestant fellow-countrymen. That is, it requires a Catholic mind to appreciate the extent to which this measure aims a blow at what is most vital in the Church. The most vital thing in the Church, as such, is the authority of the Holy See, and it is from the Holy See directly that the Religious Orders derive their existence and their mission, which may have various objects in various cases, but which in all cases is, as we say, received from the Holy See. It is the Holy See that establishes them, that confers on them their special privileges, and bids them go and

perform a certain work in the vineyard of the Great Householder. It follows from this that to attack the Religious Orders, and especially to hamper or impede them in the discharge of the work for which they are set in the Church, is directly to assail and make war upon the Holy See itself. This is the true significance of the persecution which has lately been commenced in France. It is all the more hostile to the Church, as such, in that it wages war upon her on the battlefield of education. Education is the most vital question of the days in which we live; at least, it shares with Christian marriage the characteristic of attracting to itself the enmity of those who are the sworn enemies of Christian society as well as of religion. The spirit of the modern revolution is a spirit of darkness, it revels in ignorance, it hates light. If Europe were, for a century, to be delivered up to the tender mercies of the Revolution, the result would be an age of Cimmerian darkness, not only as to the truths of religion in its most restricted sense, but as to all that constitutes true knowledge of the world, of history, of nature, of the higher sciences and the finer arts of civilization. The right and deep study of all these departments of thought and knowledge is always the fruit of the prosperity and power of the Church. And her enemies instinctively feel that their own miserable cause is served best when men are debarred from the sources of light of every kind. Mental and moral degradation is necessary for the ascendancy in human society of the bad principles which are now represented in France by the Government of the country, and the men who are guided by these principles are forced to strain every nerve in order to throw obstacles in the path of the Church in her mission of enlightenment, a mission which she has very mainly committed, in the matter of education, to the Religious Orders which have been founded with the special aim of teaching. The present state of things in France is but a phase of the eternal war between light and darkness, between the Church of God and the powers of evil.

It is, therefore, no question of the proscription of a particular body of men, engaged in the discharge of functions which are as well discharged by others as by them. It is invidious to make comparisons, however justly such comparisons might be made, between the Colleges, for instance, of the Society of Jesus, and other educational establishments. It is enough to say that here are bodies which have been destined and consecrated to the

special work of education by the supreme and universal authority in the Church of God, and that the faithful people are perfectly satisfied with the teachers and trainers in thought and in religion whom the Holy See has sent them. When the faithful people do not find the work of an educational body adequate to their wants, there is no need of special decrees, or of other methods of exclusion, to make those schools deserted. In the present case, the proof of the efficiency of the system of education which has so long been in use in the Society of Jesus is furnished by the distinguished success which has rewarded their exertions, and which have made their pupils foremost in every branch of the public service as in private life. The enemies of Christian education and of the Holy See as such, do quite well, on their own grounds, to attack the most successful of Christian educators and the most faithful servants of the Holy See that they can find. Their enmity is as great a tribute to those whom they assail, as is the cordial love and devotion to them of the Christian parents who have entrusted their children to their care, and the multitudes of distinguished men who have passed through their schools. But at a time such as this it is well to remember that though the brunt of the battle may fall accidentally upon one regiment in the army, the attack is really made against the whole line of that army. It is this which Protestants may not understand, and which even careless or uninformed Catholics may not perceive.

The truth of which we speak, as to the vital character of the issue now at stake, has certainly not been lost sight of by the French Church itself. By the side of the cordial loyalty of those who have in any way experienced the advantages of its schools, the Society of Jesus, the body specially attacked, has the immense satisfaction of finding itself most heartily supported and defended by the Bishops of France, and by the great body of their diocesans. The attempt made to isolate the cause of the Religious Orders from that of the bishops and secular clergy has egregiously failed, as it was sure to fail in any country in which the true Catholic spirit prevailed. Nor has the insidious proposal to allow other Orders or Congregations to pass unscathed, while the Society of Jesus was sacrificed to the hatred of the Revolution—an attempt too barefaced to succeed—fared any better. On the contrary, like all such attacks from whatever quarter, the onslaught on the Society has had the effect of rallying to its side the whole episcopate of France,

and of calling forth petitions and protests from the laity and from a considerable number of the *Conseils Generaux*. We hear nothing of jealousies of secular colleges against the successes of their regular brethren, nothing of the difficulties of competition, nothing of "inability to meet modern requirements," and the like. The effect of the attack on the body which has had the honour of being especially singled out by the Government has been to unite the whole of the religious bodies together even more than before, and to elicit from the secular clergy, and especially from the bishops, very striking testimonies in favour both of religious in general and of the religious of the Society in particular.

We could wish that it were possible to translate and set before the English Catholic public a tithe of these energetic and noble remonstrances.¹ There can be little doubt that the remonstrances of the same kind, which have been published during the long series of months which have passed since the Ferry Bills were placed before the Legislature, had a very decided effect in determining the action of the small party of honest Liberals in the Senate, to whose cooperation with the Conservative party the rejection of the famous Seventh Clause is owing. We may hope that the similar remonstrances which have been addressed to the Government, the President, or the Senate, since the announcement of the intention of the Government to "act on the existing laws" has been made, may produce such an effect on public feeling as may make the men in power hesitate to continue in a course which is fraught with so much danger to the country. It is quite true that they are but the servants of a silly and childish majority, which is but little amenable either to reasons of justice, or to considerations of prudence. But it is certainly true, as far as can be seen, that the Government has entered, or has threatened to enter, on a path which may lead it to the gravest difficulties from which it will be very wise to recoil. It is by no means certain that the country will not vigorously resent the line which has been taken in its name. The present majority in the Chambers was sent thither for the purpose of resisting the Cabinet of M. de Broglie and M. Fortou, and it may very well be that the

¹ Without enumerating the letters of the Archbishops and Bishops of which the French papers have been full, we may draw especial attention to a short work of the Bishop of Rodez and Vabrez. *Des principales raisons d'être des Ordres Religieux dans l'Eglise et dans la Société*, &c. (Rodez, Carrère; Paris, Gaume).

next election may show an equally clear determination on the part of the electors to get rid of the caricature of a Government which has succeeded them. Tyrannical as the majority in France has always been, except when it has been Conservative, Frenchmen have still had some education in the use of their rights as electors, and the time for the exercise of those rights is not far off.

Perhaps it might occur to us to say, that if this is so, the present crisis can only be of a moment's duration. But, unfortunately, a great deal of mischief may be done in a moment by an unscrupulous Government, and the elections in France are by no means always free. The strength of the party now in power consists mainly in the divisions of their political opponents, and, as we have hinted, in the follies of which they are sometimes not less capable than the Republicans themselves. It is quite certain that in a country like our own, long accustomed to the free use of their rights on the part of Parliamentary electors, and in which the traditional instinct of legality is strong, the mere fact that a Government had dared to make such a declaration as has lately been made by the French President, in consequence of a fair Parliamentary defeat, such as that of the Seventh Clause in the Senate, would be enough to dismiss the party now in power from office for a long series of years. But no one can reckon on the result of such an appeal to such an electoral body as that which returns the members of the French Chambers; nor, indeed, can any one be safe in trusting to the fairness of the administration by whom the new elections will be conducted when the time comes. The electors in many parts of France have been so long accustomed to see their representatives unseated by the arbitrary vote of a hostile majority in the Chamber itself, that it is not surprising that they should think of abandoning the contest altogether, rather than expose themselves to a renewal of a similar tyranny in the name of liberty. Here is the real weakness of France. Her popular Government is not an honest one. It was imposed on the country by the audacity of a few adventurers, and the country has never since been sufficiently united as to the alternative to be adopted, in case of a change, to reject it altogether. A mob that invades the Palace of the Corps Legislatif and the Hotel de Ville has the power to impose on France a form of Government which the great majority of the citizens detest, or at least distrust, and the bureaucratic organization is so complete, that when a set

of adventurers get possession of the keys of that vast centralization, they impose their own freaks and fancies on the country and pass before Europe itself as its representatives. And as is the origin of the power, so is the exercise of that power—arbitrary, defiant, and insolent in the presence of acknowledged rights, when it is convenient to trample them under foot, and shrinking, as we have pointed out, from no illegality which is requisite for the furtherance of the designs of the temporary rulers and their associates.

Putting aside the question of the manner in which the present rulers of France may be dealt with by the electoral body—a recourse to whose suffrages cannot be immediate—Englishmen will naturally ask what is the probable line of resistance to the intended persecution which may be taken by the religious bodies whose existence is now threatened? We do not profess to be in any secrets, nor do we believe that any one is able to speak with authority on this point. It is certain that the line of conduct which the religious bodies will pursue will be in accordance with the guidance of the highest ecclesiastical prudence, the seat of which is the Chair of St. Peter. We can only speak of what is natural and obvious. It is quite certain that in this country—indeed in any really free country—the protection of those who are arbitrarily assailed by the executive power would naturally be sought in the law. We are well enough accustomed to see even the natural exercise of authority defied, at least for a time, by the use made of the technicalities of the courts by those who find it inconvenient to obey, to be likely to be astonished at similar resistance in the present case. When we remember how long it has taken, or how much longer it seems likely to take, to bring the Ritualists into subordination to the declared laws of their communion, laws which are enforced by the Queen's courts, we shall not be surprised to find that the Government may be opposed for an indefinite time in its attempt to close the religious houses of which there is now question in France. The doubts that may be raised as to the successful issue of the resistance in the present case, do not arise from the slender character of the legal argument in favour of liberty, but rather from the unscrupulous character of the Government of a faction, which has never hesitated to use force in place of legal means when it has been driven to the alternative of violence or failure. The late debates in the Senate turned in great measure on the

legal position of the religious bodies, and there can be no doubt that the argument in their favour is very strong. It would be tedious, perhaps, to set before English readers any lengthened statement on the various laws or decrees which have been cited in the course of the controversy. But we may endeavour to give a general idea of the question, which might, we think, suffice to reassure the friends of the religious bodies, if we could feel certain that the present Government of France would shrink from no violence rather than be baulked of its purpose. This is, in fact, the great question which the next few months will decide.

The defenders of the Religious Orders in general reason in some such way as this. It is true, they say, that the Religious Congregations of which there is now question, are not authorized by the laws. But what does that mean? It means simply that they have no corporate existence, such as we are familiar with in England in the case of corporations, colleges at the Universities, hospitals established by charter, and the like. These bodies so established, both in England and in France, can hold property, make contracts, receive donations and legacies, and so on. Whereas other associations, not authorized or chartered, cannot do this. Their members can—but the bodies, as such, have no legal existence. But there the illegality ends. A Congregation may exist either in France or in England, and be absolutely independent of the law, so long as it does nothing to violate it. Such institutions are common enough in our own country. Their property, if they have any, is vested in trustees, and is nominally the property of those trustees. The non-legality of the body, as such, does not affect the personal liberty of the members, who, if they choose, may live together under a common superior, keep a certain rule, make vows, practise the evangelical counsels, teach, visit the sick, take care of orphans, or devote themselves to any other work of charity or piety whatsoever. No man loses one single civil right by joining such an association. He is only protected, whether he like it or not, by the law, from losing his civil rights in face of the Congregation to which he has bound himself—as, for instance, in the case of a religious person who might choose, notwithstanding his vow of poverty or of obedience, to receive and use for his own purposes an inheritance that might fall to him after he had made those vows. All Frenchmen, like all Englishmen, are equal before the law, and the members of

religious bodies are not deprived of any rights because they choose of their own free will to join them. There is some question about the "right of association," but it appears that the law which is appealed to as forbidding associations, does not really touch the question. The Code forbids every association of more than twenty persons, "whose object it shall be to meet every day, or on certain fixed days, to occupy themselves with religious, literary, political, or other matters." Associations of this kind require the authorization of the Government. But the object of the law is clear from the following paragraph of the Code: "In the number of the persons indicated in the present article those are not included who are domiciled in the house in which the meeting is held." Thus, as far as the Code touches the matter, religious persons have the right to live together in any numbers that please themselves, and it is maintained by good French lawyers—among others by M. Bertauld, Procureur Général of the Cour de Cassation, a senator of the Left, and a great enemy of Religious Congregations—that this article of the Code annuls all former laws to the contrary, if any existed. Nor is there now any law in France against the right of a religious person to teach, like any other citizen, on signing the usual notice. This liberty was secured to all by the law of M. de Falloux. The Seventh Clause of the Ferry Law would have taken from them this right—but the Seventh Clause has been rejected.

It is also added, that the Government may make itself and its subordinates liable to severe penalties, if they attempt to enforce the measures which they have announced. The violent closing of colleges or religious houses would be an offence against the rights of individual freedom, for which the tribunals, if they did their duty, would punish the offenders. The punishment for the violation of domicile is degradation from civic rights, a year's imprisonment, and a fine. The Minister who orders such violation is to be punished by banishment.

It is only by "going behind" the Code, and appealing to various acts or decrees of despotic and unconstitutional Governments in the past, that there can be any pretence made out for the measures to which the Government has so unfortunately pledged itself. These obsolete and arbitrary laws are of two sorts—those which apply to all religious bodies in general, and those which apply to the Society of Jesus in particular. We may first speak of the first category. The adversaries of the

Congregations appeal to two statutes of the Revolutionary period—the law of February 13—19, 1790, and the decree of August 18, 1792—a decree which bears the signature of Danton, and which preceded only by a few days the famous massacres of September. Further, they quote two laws or decrees passed or issued by Napoleon—a law of Germinal 18, of the year X. (1801), and a decree of Messidor 3, of the year XII. (1803). Besides these, there are two articles of the "Code Penal," 291 and 292, to which reference has already been made, and an act of 1834 to the same purpose. Of these enactments, the first, in 1790, is the law by which the monastic establishments were deprived of all legal existence in France. But it is contended, and, indeed, is very evident, that this law was simply, so to speak, a law of disestablishment, and that it did not deprive religious persons of their right of living voluntarily together and following any rule they chose. The effect of the law was to deprive the communities of corporate rights and existence, and to withdraw from the obligation of the vows all legal recognition. Such was the opinion given by M. Vatimesnil and a host of legal magnates, in the time of King Louis Philippe, when there was a Parliamentary attack made on the Society of Jesus, which caused the mission of M. de Rossi to Rome. "It is evident," said the distinguished signatories of the "Consultation" of M. Vatimesnil, "that between a law which erects Congregations into civil personalities, and a law of intolerance which prohibits them, there is a middle term supported by reason and humanity: the term of complete liberty granted to every one to follow his own inspirations, to make himself a monk when he likes and to cease to be a monk when he likes, without the change of his religious condition having any effect on his civil rights. This is evidently the system of the law of 1790." The present Procureur Général, M. Berthauld, was one of the eminent lawyers who gave their adhesion to this "Consultation." And he has lately declared in the Senate that he still adheres to the opinion which he expressed so many years ago. The "Consultation Vatimesnil" has lately been reprinted by the *Monde*, and the long list of legal signatures appended to it is enough to give it the highest authority. No Government in a free country would venture to act arbitrarily in the face of such a declaration.

It is quite characteristic of the Liberalism professed by M. Jules Ferry, that he has maintained in the Senate of the

present French Republic that the second decree on our list, the decree signed by Danton in August, 1792, is still in force. That decree anticipated all the fury of the Reign of Terror. It contains a long enumeration of all the Religious Congregations which existed in France—an enumeration which shows the diligence and research of the compiler of the text—and then goes on in the largest words to suppress all Regular Congregations of men or of women, ecclesiastics or lay, even those entirely and singly devoted to the care of hospitals or the comforting of the sick, whatever be their denomination, whether they live in a single house or in many, and besides, all confraternities, penitents, pilgrimages, and all associations of piety and charity." Not even this law, if it can be called by such a name, forbade the assembling and union of religious persons in private houses, and all legal character that it might ever have claimed has been taken from it by two facts. In the first place, it never had the sanction of the King, and the Constitution of that time required the royal assent. In the second place, it has been declared by the French courts themselves to have no validity at present. Part of this decree of Danton forbids priests and religious to wear the habit of their class or order. The law was invoked in the bad days after the Revolution of 1830, against some Capuchin Fathers who lived in common and wore the habit of their Order. The Court of Aix, before which the cause was brought, declared that the decree of 1792 "presented grave difficulties in the application of the punishments which it pronounces"—one of these would have sentenced to the guillotine priests who persisted in the repeated offence of wearing the ecclesiastical habit—"and that, besides, it had disappeared with the unhappy circumstances which gave rise to it, that it had fallen into desuetude together with the other laws which prohibited in general the ecclesiastical habit, and that, moreover, all those laws were irreconcilable with the dispositions of the Charter, and had been abolished thereby." It is acknowledged by French lawyers that this decision is an authentic declaration of the present law.

The two Napoleonic statutes do not present any more safe ground for the action of the present Government than the laws of the Revolutionary period. They are simply arbitrary decrees of Napoleon, putting the religious bodies entirely at the mercy of the Government, unconstitutional at the time when they were

issued, and abrogated by the legislation of later times. The first of them is a part of the famous Organic Articles, and does not, in fact, go beyond the law of 1790, of which we have already spoken. The other was, as has been said, formally unconstitutional, for at that time the consent of the Tribunate and the Senate was necessary for the passing of a law. The decree of the Emperor simply dissolved the well known Congregation of the "Pères de la Foi," and, in a second article, forbade the formation of any religious association of men or women, without the authorization of the Imperial Government. We have already spoken of the articles of the Penal Code, and we may add that the law of 1834 against associations, was aimed solely at political clubs and the like.

So much for the laws which are invoked for the justification of the proposed action of the Government against the Religious Orders or Congregations in general. We must add a few words as to the legal value of the decrees of various kinds and times against the Society of Jesus in particular. We might premise that it is certainly strange to find a free Government invoking the arbitrary edicts and decrees of the "ancien régime." But the men now in power in France have far more of the despot about them than they would like to acknowledge. When we remember by whose agency it was that the Society of Jesus was first dissolved in France, we see how history repeats itself, and how little the men of the nineteenth century have to boast of in the way of true progress and enlightenment over their predecessors. This is not the place to go over the history of the suppression of the Society in the kingdom of France, but it will be within the memory of every one well acquainted with that history, that that suppression was brought about by a marvellous combination of discordant influences, none of them creditable or even respectable. There was Madame de Pompadour, whose singular virtue was outraged by the lax doctrines of the Society, there were the Jansenists, so loyal themselves that they could not abide its want of loyalty to the Holy See, there were the Encyclopédistes and free-thinkers generally, men so tender as to the interests of religion that they could not consider them safe in its hands, there was the traditional Jansenism of the Parliament of Paris, hating the body which was not, of course, Catholic enough for them, and there were besides, perhaps, the ambitions and interests and hostilities of a good many highly respectable persons, of whom it would be as

well not to speak. The suppression was an act of royal and parliamentary tyranny, such as it might have been thought would have been out of place as a precedent for the Republic of M. Léon Gambetta—only, it is certainly a great mistake to imagine that that Republic is incapable of surpassing any exploit of Cesarism, or any violence to which the enemies of religion and virtue have ever committed themselves. However, after all, the question is not as to the moral worth of the people who conspired against the Society in the last century, but as to the legal value of their decrees under the present Constitution of France. The people now in power may be better or worse than Madame de Pompadour and her associates, without that fact affecting the legality of the acts by which they propose to follow their example.

The authorities which can be cited under the strange name of "existing laws" against the Society are, as we have said, of two kinds—the edicts of the Kings, and the "arrêts" of the Parliament of Paris. The last are of necessity by far the most violent. They are so violent, that they defeat themselves, just as the Penal Laws against Catholics, as far as they still remain in the statute book of this country, defeat themselves by their atrocity. No one could think of putting them into execution. If the Parliament believed that the Jesuits were guilty of the charge which it formulated against them, the Jesuits certainly deserved very hard treatment. The Parliament accused them of having always and perseveringly taught, with the approbation of their Superiors and Generals, "blasphemy, sacrilege, magic and evil arts, astrology, irreligion of all kinds, idolatry," and so on. It is a pity Mr. Cartwright did not study these wonderful charges—perhaps they would have been too strong, even for his stomach. The first "arrêt" of the Parliament was in August, 1762, and this decree dissolved the Society in France. This was at the time illegal, for there had as yet been no royal decree against the Society, and it had been admitted into the kingdom by a number of such decrees. The Parliament had no power to dissolve it. Two years later came the royal decree, registered in the Parliament on December 1, 1764, which was to the purport that the King's will was that the Society of the Jesuits should cease to exist in his kingdom and in the territories dependent on it. This amounts to the withdrawal of all toleration of the Society as a legally constituted body. But the members of the Society were to be allowed to live in private

in France under the authority of the ordinaries. It is difficult to see how, under the existing circumstances, the law, if it were one, could be pressed further than this, without derogating from the principles of personal liberty which have been established in France ever since the Revolution, or how it could be extended so as to strike cases in which the laws as to associations and as to the liberty of teaching which have since been enacted are not violated. The fundamental principles on which the present political Constitution of France is built did not exist in the time of Louis the Fifteenth, and no act of royal power inconsistent with those principles can now be called a law in that country. But unfortunately for the present Government, the Parliament of Paris, when it registered the royal edict of which we are speaking, went so far in its hatred against the Society as to impose very serious obligations on the modern persecutors who would appeal to these "existing laws" for their guidance. They would be almost as badly off as Shylock in the hands of Portia. The Jesuits were to live each in the diocese in which he was born, they were not to approach nearer than ten leagues to the city of Paris, they were to present themselves every six months, like ticket-of-leave men, before certain authorities, and if they failed to observe these regulations they were to be *poursuivis extraordinairement*—a phrase which appears to mean that they were to be treated to any excess of violence which it might please the Parliament to apply to them. By another "arrêt," of May 6, 1767, the Jesuits were ordered to quit the kingdom in a fortnight from the date of the publication of the "arrêt," and if they did not do this, there was again the penalty of being *poursuivis extraordinairement*. But this severe penalty was not only for the Jesuits themselves, but also for all those who harboured them, and even who, directly or indirectly, had any correspondence with them. It will tax the tyranny even of M. Jules Ferry and his associates, to carry out decrees like these in the present day. These gentlemen would be the first to declaim against the despotisms of the "ancien régime," and yet they do not see, or they profess not to see, that the whole system under which such decrees could be enacted and carried out, is as contrary to the spirit of the present constitution and the modern laws of France as it is contrary to equity and to common sense. There is yet one more royal edict to be mentioned. In 1777, the ill-fated Louis the Sixteenth issued the last royal edict against the Society. But this decree, which

regarded the members of the then extinct Society as private individuals, allowed them to live in France and gave them some measure of protection. It is remarkable that as to this edict, the Parliament of Paris, when it was registered, took care to add to it some tyrannical clauses. These were annulled by the King a month later—but this historical fact does not prevent the writers and speakers against the Society in the present discussion, from quoting, as the words and acts of Louis the Sixteenth, the very clauses which were added by the Parliament and annulled by him.

The true view of all these acts is no doubt that which considers them as having emanated from the absolute power under which France then lived, at a time when personal liberty, and the rights of opinion and conscience, had not been secured by law. They have as little to do with the legalities of the present Republic, as have the arbitrary decrees of Napoleon of which we have already spoken. Modern principles of government, and the modern Code, have obliterated them, and if there be such a thing as a disgraceful reactionism in the France of to-day, it is certainly the principle of those who, in the face of the codes and charters on which liberty is now founded, dare to attempt the practical enforcement of such acts. This, however, it is which M. de Freycinet and his colleagues have undertaken to do.

There is yet one shaft in the quiver of the persecutors of the Society, and when this has been mentioned we shall have exhausted that redoubtable store of weapons of tyranny. In 1828, Charles the Tenth published his ordonnances, only one of which can be brought to bear in any way on the present question. By this ordonnance the King suppressed certain Colleges or Seminaries, which were under the direction of members of a Religious Congregation not authorized in France—that is, of the Society of Jesus—or rather, he withdrew them from the direction of the Fathers and placed them under the *régime* of the University. It was added in the same ordonnance, that from that time forth no one was to teach without affirming in writing that he did not belong to any Congregation not authorized legally in the country. But it must be remembered that at the time of those ordonnances, the University had, by law, the monopoly of education in France. This monopoly was destroyed in 1850. It then became the law that any Frenchman of at least the age of twenty-five, might open an establishment

of secondary education, by simply giving notice to the authorities. This changes the whole question, and makes the ordonnance of Charles the Tenth inapplicable to the present day. What is still more to the purpose is, that when the law known by the name of M. de Falloux was passed, M. Thiers declared plainly in the tribune that not only the priests, but even the Jesuits, could not be excluded from the work of education. The reporter of the law to the Constituent Assembly, M. Jules Simon, declared that the Republic forbade no one to teach but the ignorant and unworthy. "It knows nothing of the corporations, it knows them neither to fetter them nor to protect them." Still more, an amendment was moved in the Assembly by M. Bourzat, taken in so many words from the ordonnances of 1828, and anticipating also the words of the famous Ferry Seventh Clause. By this amendment it was proposed that no one should be allowed to have a school of any kind, primary or secondary, lay or ecclesiastic, or even to be employed therein, if he belonged to a Religious Congregation not recognized by the State. This amendment was put to the vote, and was rejected by a majority of nearly three hundred—440 to 148.

We have said enough to show how the matter stands as to the legal question which has been so imprudently and wantonly raised by the Government of M. de Freycinet. Smarting under the rejection of the Seventh Clause by the Senate—a rejection which is certainly owing to the resolute adherence to the principles of liberty of a small body of men who are not ashamed to be called Liberals and to act up to the principles which they profess—this Government has pledged itself to an act inconsistent with all the modern traditions of French Constitutions, an act directly in the teeth of the law of 1790, of the Articles of the Concordat, by which the free exercise of the Catholic religion is guaranteed, an act inconsistent with the Charters of 1814 and 1830, with the Organic laws of education passed in 1850 and 1875. The Government has determined to rest on the Decree of Danton, of which we have spoken, on the ordonnance of Charles the Tenth, and, still more reactionary, on the edicts and "arrêts" of the last of the Bourbon Kings and the Parliament of Paris. Who can tell what the next few months, therefore, may produce in France? The conflict which has been brought on ranges in opposition to each other, on the one hand, whatever there is of right and legality and freedom to show, as the

ultimate gain to the country of so many revolutions, so much bloodshed, so many changes of dynasties and improvisations of governments, and, on the other hand, the bad spirits which have been evoked in the period of anguish through which France has passed in the last hundred years—the spirit of Danton, the massacres, the Reign of Terror, the spirit of insolent bureaucratic despotism, the spirit of the Commune with its ignoble murders and plunderings and conflagrations. The men now in power are placing themselves before Europe as different only from Danton in their comparative pettiness and frivolity: they are making the Government of their country carry on the glorious achievements of the *Pétroleuses* in the glittering dress of the Pompadour. Certainly, disgraceful things enough have succeeded one the other in the history of France in the last ten decades, but this device of “the existing laws,” as a means of oppressing institutions which the Legislature had refused to hand over to oppression, appears, when we consider what these “existing laws” are, from whom they come, and who are the persons who have the face to use them, about the most shameless piece of mischievousness that can be found even in the annals of French Republicanism.

Nevertheless, the forces are there, drawn up for the inevitable conflict,—brought on, because the public virtue of the French Legislature has not yet been so entirely corrupted, as to be ready to forge fresh weapons of tyranny at the command of the servants of M. Léon Gambetta. If the Government is true to its promises and threats, it will have to use the force of the law, or rather, the strong arm of power, to close, one after another, the colleges and religious houses of the Orders which have and ask for no corporate existence in France. It will do this in face of the refusal of the Senate to pass the persecuting clause, and in face also of the declarations of so many of the most honourable and respected of the French lawyers, that the act is illegal. Indeed, why take the trouble to propose the rejected clause of the Ferry Bill to the Legislature, if the law already proscribed, not only the teaching, but the very existence of the religious bodies? Well—this is what the Government must do. By doing this, it will, indeed, inflict a great blow on the religious bodies themselves. But they are not unaccustomed to persecution; they have known it before, and they have always survived their persecutors. The blow that strikes them will, in the case of the colleges, of which there seems to be more imme-

diately question, strike thousands of citizens of France, of all ranks and conditions, by depriving them of the natural and inalienable liberty of the Christian parent, to choose for themselves the educators of their children. The blow will touch thousands of families, none of which ask anything of the State but to be allowed their natural freedom, secured to them, over and over again, by the Constitution of the country. If the English Government were to turn into the streets, by a sudden act of arbitrary power, the alumni of Eton, Harrow, Winchester, Rugby, Charter House, Marlborough, and a dozen more of our largest public schools, they would not create a stronger feeling against themselves, and of disloyalty to the Constitution which permits such frantic acts, than would be created in France by the closing of the colleges of the Society of Jesus alone. And this is the Government of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity, the Third French Republic, which will not even enter on its teens for some months to come! Who, then, are the enemies of the Republic? Who are the men who are making it the laughing-stock of true Liberals all over the world? Who are the reactionaries in the worst sense of the word—the men who are bringing back, not the traditions of the older times when France was great under a yet undespotic monarchy, not the days of St. Louis and the best of his successors, but the days of the most degraded of the Bourbon voluptuaries, the days of Louis the Fifteenth?

And when the colleges are closed, then will come the turn of the religious houses. The law of France guarantees as a fundamental principle the free exercise of the Catholic religion, and all Catholics know that the free exercise of the Catholic religion is impossible if the religious life is proscribed. This blow, then, as we said at the outset, is aimed at the Catholic religion itself. English Liberals are wont sometimes to wonder at the strong language which good Catholics use concerning those who bear on the Continent the same political name with themselves, and no wonder—for what is among ourselves the name of one of two great parties in the country, between which all classes and ranks of the nation are divided without any salient difference of principle, is abroad the title by which the party is known which is primarily engaged in warring against religion. The acts of the French Government will soon leave no possibility of delusion as to this fact. It is religion itself that is attacked in the persons of the Religious Orders. It is religion itself, and the Church of Jesus Christ. The present rulers of

France are humbly following in the almost abandoned footsteps of Prince Bismarck, of the crowd of adventurers who have come to the surface in Italy in consequence of the Garibaldian revolution, of the still obscurer persecutors of the Swiss cantons. Everywhere it is the Holy See and those who hold their mission immediately from it who are the first to bear the assault, but it is the Holy See itself and the Catholic Church against whom the assault is in truth directed.

To say this, is to say in other words what will be the ultimate issue of the conflict. The enemies of religion may for a time seem to triumph, but it is not to be thought of that the first Christian nation in Europe will for long be allowed to remain under the contemptible and puerile Government which now dominates its destinies. How that Government will fall, we know not, but it is certain that fall it must. The men who have made this trouble will be its victims, whether their own overthrow precedes or follows the execution of the ruin which they have planned. The future of France may yet be one of suffering and chastisement, but the heart of the nation is, we are convinced, too sound for it to fail to profit by its afflictions. The time cannot be far distant when the Ferry Laws and the decrees of March 29, will seem like a bad dream, and when the first care of the rulers of the country will be to make impossible in the future attempts at persecution so grotesque as that of which we have been speaking.

Catholic Review.

I.—NOTES ON THE PRESS.

SOME NOTES ON QUESTIONS CONCERNING THE EAST.

I. Importance of the Eastern Question.

NO one at all well acquainted with the facts of the case, will be inclined to suppose that because the Government of this country has to be changed, in consequence of the General Election of 1880, as it had to be changed in consequence of the General Election of 1874, the attention of the English public is at all likely to be turned away from the great European, or, rather, more than European, questions, which engaged so large a share of the activity of the Government of Lord Beaconsfield. The Treaty of Berlin settled certain things, and the Anglo-Turkish convention arranged others. But in each case the agreements arrived at were prospective in their action, and opened a range of possible questions wider than any which they closed. The question now is, how is the Treaty of Berlin to be carried out, and what are the obligations and duties which it has left upon its signatories. To write these words, is to write words full of issues which may take many years to exhaust. And it appears certain that some of these issues are at the present moment beginning to press very earnestly for decision.

It is a great gain that the questions which are involved in the carrying out of the late Treaty are, to a large extent, now removed from the arena of party contentions among ourselves. Election speeches and retrospective debates are at an end, and, to the astonishment of our foreign critics, the action of the country goes on on much the same lines as before. England has a task before her which, as some may think, she has been too eager to impose on herself, but from which she will not now think of shrinking back. She has undertaken a very great duty—that of making herself the protector of the populations

under Turkish rule, to provide for the welfare of which was a main concern of the diplomatists assembled at Berlin. No one can doubt that it is for the good of the world that she should discharge this task, rather than leave it to be undertaken by the Power of which she is so jealous, and of whose proceedings in Poland we have so often had to speak in these pages. But then it must be important that she should not substitute herself for Russia, without setting about the work from which she is so anxious to oust her rival. At the present moment there is apparently no question open, which is more deeply fraught with interests vital for the welfare of the human race, than the question of the emancipation of the nations subject to the Ottoman rule from the degradation into which so long an experience of that rule has brought them. It is unfortunately only too possible that what are called "European complications" may at any time arise—just as the Franco-German war came on us in 1870 at a moment's notice—which may occupy the thoughts and task the resources of Englishmen and their Empire to the utmost, and leave them little time to provide for the far East. There are "dangers nearer home" against which we can never be secure until the world begins again to recognize the principles of right and justice as the guides of international action. But, putting that possibility aside as a matter which cannot be counted on, we may be sure that, if the peace of Europe is not again suddenly broken by the ambition of a few reckless men, or by the restlessness of nations groaning under the burthens which an armed peace imposes on them, we shall still for some time to come hear and talk a great deal about the Turkish provinces and the stipulations of the Treaty of Berlin.

It may be very true that Catholic opinion is at this moment of less influence on the public action of the country than it was some few years ago. It is now chiefly important to Catholics themselves. A paralysis of inefficiency seems to have come over some of our most prominent organs, and we are a good deal behindhand in our knowledge of the subject. This evil is, as we may hope, in a fair way to be remedied, and Catholics cannot do better than take all available means of informing themselves, and acquiring the materials on which to have an independent judgment on subjects so important as those to which we have referred. Our object in the present paper is simply to help them to collect the materials for such a judgment,

by pointing out certain authorities which have either lately come to light, or which may have been too much forgotten.

II. Some late works on Russia.

In an able paper in the current (April) number of the *Nineteenth Century*, Mr. Grant Duff defines "the East," in the political sense of the term, in which we have any concern with the affairs of the countries there designated, as containing "the larger and more important countries which lie east of the Gulf of Bothnia on the Adriatic, and west of the ocean which washes the further shores of Asia." This definition is a very wide one. "The large countries," he continues, "with whose affairs we are brought into close connection by our Indian Empire and our other Eastern dependencies, are Greece, Turkey, Egypt, Russia, Persia, Afghanistan, China, and Japan." In the paper, of which we are speaking, Mr. Grant Duff very reasonably discards all consideration of China and Japan.

For our own purpose we shall not at present speak of all the heads which are still left in this enumeration. Greece and Russia, no doubt, are countries as to which it is very important that Englishmen should inform themselves. But we have no special information lately brought before us as to Greece. With regard to Russia, Mr. Wallace's well-known volumes still remain the classical work on that much-abused country. We cannot imagine any one reading them, who, if he is able to lay aside the prejudices and fears which seem to be our national penalty for having conquered India, and so being in some degree interested in the weakness or alarmed at the strength of Russia, could refuse his interest, or even his sympathy, for a nation possessed of so much undeveloped strength, so much rude and uncultured goodness, stunted as that may be under the double weight of a schismatical and enslaved Church and a bureaucratic despotism of the worst class. All that we read about Russia tends to the same conclusion—that there is a wide difference to be made between the Government and the people, between the false civilization of the educated classes and the genuine honesty of the ignorant peasants. Two other works on Russia have of late been much read in this country. The first of these is a translated work, *Russia before and after the War*, which purports to be the work of a genuine Russian, but which is in reality the production of a German writer, belonging, as it seems, to the Livonian provinces. There is good reason for

thinking that the English version has been specially "doctored" with the intention of affecting opinion in this country, and, on the whole, the book must be read with great caution. One passage, at least, in it, has served to wing more than one party shaft at the elections which are just concluded among us, and when we hear so many complaints of the strongly partisan character of more than one page in the last volume of the *Life of the Prince Consort*, we may well be on our guard against other less authoritative publications. The impression given by a perusal of *Russia before and after the War* is that, if we had the Russian Court alone to deal with, as regards the Eastern Question, we should have little to fear as to the chances of war, and that if we had the Russian nation alone to deal with on the same subject, we should have but little to expect as to the chances of peace—if, at least, we are resolved at all costs to maintain the Turks against the Russians. The other book, *Russia and England*, is the interesting work of a well-known Russian lady, whose brother was killed as a volunteer in one of the first actions of the Bulgarian campaign. It is an almost passionate appeal to the fairness of Englishmen in favour of the writer's country, and cannot fail to engage sympathy even among those who are not convinced by its arguments.

Foreigners are apt to suspect us of selfishness in the whole of our foreign policy, and it must at least be confessed that many of our statesmen have said and written things which may be easily distorted into unintended confirmations of this charge, while, on the other hand, the un-Christian portion of our own press avows in the most cynical manner the principle that might makes right in our dealings with weaker nations. It is very unfortunate that there should be so much foundation for the imputation against us, and that, in resisting the aggression of Russia, we should to so large an extent be actuated by a jealous fear. But it does not at all follow that it is not for the interests of religion and civilization alike that the work of the regeneration of the East should be taken out of the hands of Russia. That power is now suffering, before the tribunal of public opinion, a terrible penalty for her crimes in the past towards Poland, and her insolent and faithless behaviour towards the Holy See. No one trusts it, no one wishes it success. But it is suffering also, unless appearances deceive us, not less severely from internal corruption and discontent than from external suspicion. Foreign newspapers and other authorities

of the same rank are never worth much in enabling us to form an accurate judgment of the internal condition of any country. The common idea in England, for instance, is that the "Nihilism" of which we have heard so much of late is a widespread social disease, infecting large classes of the community. This idea, however, is directly contradicted by many who have a right to speak on the internal condition of the Russian people, who are declared to be thoroughly loyal, though much disappointed at the result of their late great exertions. But it can hardly be a mistake to suppose that we may trust the many indications of various kinds which meet our eyes, that Russia is in a state of crisis, perhaps of transition, and it is quite certain that any considerable change in her social and political state must have immense effect in determining her policy as a nation, and especially her action with regard to Turkey.

It is not likely that, if things remain as they are at present in Russia, there will be any attempt to renew the pressure of force upon Turkey. A clever French writer, the author of a book to which we shall hereafter refer,¹ tells us that in the Polish insurrection of 1831 a despatch of Count Nesselrode was found at Warsaw, explaining the reason why Russia, when she seemed to have everything her own way, did not finally crush Turkey in 1829. The reason given was that the Czar thought the interests of Russia better served by her having Turkey entirely under her influence and control than in any other way. Here we have a policy which could never in any case be that of a popular, perhaps hardly of a constitutional, Government. Certainly it could never be the policy of the Russian people, if power in that country were ever, either by revolution or by the granting of a Constitution, to fall into its hands. Courts are less fanatical than nations, and it is the fanaticism at least as much as the ambition of Russia which threatens Constantinople.

III. Anatolia, past and present.

There is at present a singular harmony in the utterances of the English Press, of all parties alike, as to the exhaustion of the patience of Europe and of Englishmen in particular, with the much abused, but also much offending, Government of Turkey. We could wish that Englishmen in general would

¹ *Papés et Sultans*, par Felix Julien. Paris, 1880, p. 282.

look on the question of the condition of the Turkish provinces without regard either to their fears of Russia or their own interests in the comparative weakness of the power, whatever that power may be, which is to dominate the countries lying between the Mediterranean and the frontiers of India. If the interests of civilization are the interests of England, then we ought not to be afraid of seeing those countries strongly governed, rich, populous, and prosperous. It cannot be well, even on the lowest possible grounds of policy, to wish to see them condemned to a state of perpetual desolation and anarchy, for the sake of any greater security which our own possessions may derive from their weakness and political degradation. The only question for the final determination of our policy must be, whether it is possible for the Porte to carry out the measures of reform and improvement as to these magnificent possessions of its own, which have been so often made and so often broken. At present the English Press, including the papers which were most strong in the defence of the policy of the Treaty of Berlin, by which a certain respite was allowed to the Porte in consideration of its weakness after the war with Russia, is unanimous in declaring that no more time must be lost, and that if the Turk will not reform, other people must take the matter in hand. The student of history will hardly hesitate to form the conclusion, that the miseries of which we hear so much are inseparable from the existence of Turkish domination in Asia Minor. Our readers will remember the description given by Cardinal Newman, many years ago, of the effects of Turkish rule on subject countries. The chapter on "The Turk and the Christian," in the well-known series of Lectures on this subject,² might well be read over at the present time by any one desirous of forming a just opinion on this subject. No one can doubt that the regions which have been for so long trampled down by the Turk in Asia Minor are among the richest and most highly gifted by nature in the whole world. We are tempted, in this connection, to draw attention to a late publication on this subject, which may, we hope, have the effect of making more general among us an acquaintance with a period of the history of these countries which is too much neglected.

Men who are now greyheaded may perhaps remember the sensation produced some fifty years—perhaps a little less—ago, by the appearance of Dr. Arnold's article in, we believe,

² *Historical Sketches*, vol. ii. p. 116.

the *Quarterly Review*, on Niebuhr's *History of Rome*. It was the first step to the creation of a popular interest in the new views of Roman history contained in the volume reviewed, and, indeed, of a new interest altogether even in the history of Rome itself. Of course, scholars were already acquainted with the work of Niebuhr, but after the article of which we speak the book became indispensable, and no one could go into the class schools at Oxford without a knowledge at least of its conclusions. We should be very glad to know that the very clever and comprehensive article in the January number of the *Quarterly* on the "Successors of Alexander," which is founded in the main on the German work of Droysen, would have a similar effect in creating a general interest in the period of Greek history between the conquests of Alexander and the beginning of the Christian era. It is certainly astonishing that so little should have been as yet written, at least in English, about this period, in many respects a most important one in the history of mankind, during which the successors of Alexander and the monarchies which they founded were preparing the eastern world for the appearance of Christianity. The arts, the literature, the legislation, the general culture and civilization of this period meet us in their results as we open the books of the New Testament, the Acts of the Apostles, and the Epistles of St. Paul. Greece, as well as Rome, had a great work to do in educating the world to which the Apostles had to preach, and with which the early Church had to fight. The East, without Greek culture, would have presented a far more difficult task to the first preachers of the Gospel, nor would the Church, humanly speaking, have been able so successfully to root herself in the social system which she found before her. As a matter of fact, the Churches planted by the Apostles in those parts of the world which lay outside the reign of Greek civilization and of Roman law had never the same stability and greatness as those which arose on the shores of the Mediterranean, and in the western parts of Asia.

The article of which we speak is evidently the work of a writer extremely familiar with his subject, and it will surprise us if it is as soon forgotten as many others of no insignificant merit, which from time to time see the light in the same pages. We trust it may lead to more study and more writing on the same subject. The author has not time or space to give more than a mere outline of this subject—masterly as that outline is.

At the present moment all that relates to the East cannot fail to have a special interest for Englishmen. We have engaged ourselves in the responsible task of regenerating the fair regions which have for so many centuries been lying under the moral and physical desolation which has invariably resulted from the domination of the Turk. There is no reason for thinking that the races which occupy those fair regions would be incapable of improvement and elevation—even setting aside the question of the civilizing powers of Christianity, if the tyranny and blight of Islam were once removed. If England can in any way help in the process, she will do something at least to atone for the many crimes against humanity which have disgraced the annals of her past. It is certainly time that something should be done for the East, and that a better civilization than that of the Seleucidæ and Ptolemies should be substituted for the degradation under which it now lies. "England," said Lord Sandon, in 1878, "is coming at last to these peoples. She is coming, but in far different guise from the conquerors of old, who have so often trod down those lands. . . . She is coming . . . with all those various races longing for her advent and her succour. She is coming, but not selfishly and alone. She invites the aid of all civilized Europe"—except, of course, the Russians. "Yes, we are coming; and we hope, if security from foreign attack and peace and justice at home are secured to those lands, to bring in our train, by the enterprize of our people, those things which our civilization, our long peace, our just Government, have brought to us—the railroad, the steam-plough, the manufactures, and all the varied blessings of commerce, and all the arts and employments of peace, by which we have so greatly benefited."

To a Christian, there is something of a bathos, perhaps, in the termination of so magnificent a promise, even in the steam-plough and the railway. Unfortunately, English politicians have for some time left off including mental cultivation and moral elevation among the blessings which they can hope to dispense to the nations to whom they proffer their aid, and who have acquired an uncomfortable habit of strangely suspecting that there is something a little hollow about the professed unselfishness of their volunteer auxiliaries. But it is quite possible that the nations of the East are longing for the advent of England—or of any other power in the world of which they only know that she is powerful—to deliver them from the most

detestable rule under which human beings have ever been placed. Anyhow, a study even of the pagan civilization of the successors of Alexander, bad as many of them were, may help many a thoughtful mind to a true conclusion as to what is the most indispensable measure in an attempt at again elevating to something like a condition creditable to humanity the regions of which Lord Sandon spoke so enthusiastically not far short of two years ago. We fear that but little progress has been made in the interval. To the admirers of the Koran—and there are not a few admirers of the Koran among Christians and Englishmen in the strange days in which we live—it may seem wonderful that the successors of Mahomet should not have been able to do something, at all events, for the regions over which they bear sway, which might be compared to the effects on the same regions of the domination of the successors of Alexander. The truth, we suppose, lies in the fact that the successors of Alexander inherited and propagated a system of culture and polity which has some good elements in it, and which was Divinely ordered, imperfect and miserable as it was when compared to the culture and polity of Christianity, for the progress of the world. But the successors of the false Prophet have no mission in the world but an Antichristian mission—the mission of the scourges of God, like Attila, sent to chastise the sins, and especially the schisms of Christian nations. They have no power for anything but destruction and desolation. At all events, if they ever had power for anything else, it has not been used, and, it may fairly be said, is less likely now than ever to be used.

LV. "Provincial (and Official) Turkey."

The truth about Provincial Turkey seems to be, as we have had occasion before this to point out, that, bad as may have been the condition of the Turkish Provinces from the very beginning of their period of subjection to the Ottoman race, that condition has become indefinitely worse since what are called the reforms of Sultan Mahmoud, early in the present century, and that they are at present, as far as we can judge, even in a worse condition and one still more hopeless of improvement, since the late war. For the effect of the reforms of Sultan Mahmoud, who endeavoured to regenerate Turkey by the introduction of a highly centralized system of government, in which the modern French bureaucracy seems to have

furnished him with his model, we cannot do better than refer the reader to a very brilliant article on "Provincial Turkey" which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for October, 1874—not six years ago—and which we now see attributed to an author no less distinguished than the Marquis of Salisbury, the Foreign Secretary of Lord Beaconsfield's Government after the retirement of Lord Derby, the negociator of the Berlin Treaty, the representative of England at the abortive conference of Constantinople. We do not vouch for the truth of the statement which assigns this article to him, and, indeed, there are internal marks about it which makes it seem to us very doubtful. Anyhow, it would be unfair to make the Lord Salisbury of the present year responsible for all the vaticinations which are contained in the article in question. Some of these prophecies are certainly remarkable as coming from such a writer—as when the author says, for instance, "that the Russian flag will float supreme over every port on the Black Sea coast; that it will even one day wave in sovereignty from the towers of Galata and the Seraskierate; is scarcely less certain than that the sun, once risen in the east, will move onward to its place in the western heavens. A wonder-working Joshua may perhaps delay, but can never reverse its course."

But whatever may be thought of the writer's prophetic forecast of the future of Constantinople, there can be no doubt at all as to the extreme value of the picture which he gives of the miseries which have resulted in the Turkish provinces, from the attempt to ape the brand new fashions of European Governments. The article to which we refer, and which, whether it be the production of the distinguished author to whom it has of late been attributed, or not, is worth preservation and study, will explain to the uninitiated reader in no great number of pages the secret of the utter rottenness of the Turkish Empire. The author writes like one who has lived in the East; indeed, in one place he seems almost to say so. It must be remembered that he wrote at a time when the Eastern policy of England had not yet become the subject of quarrel between contending parties—a time when the Gladstone Ministry was still in power, and long before the Berlin note, or the Bulgarian atrocities, or the Conference of Constantinople, or the Russo-Turkish war, or the Treaty of 1878. The writer is very discriminating in his condemnation of the Turks. He mentions the common verdict on the country, which, he says, is hardly overdrawn—"Little

doing, less likely to be done : trade degenerated into pedlary, enterprize into swindling, banking into usury, policy into intrigue : lands untilled, forests wasted, mineral treasures unexplored, roads, harbours, bridges, every class of public works utterly neglected and falling into ruin, pastoral life with nothing of the Abel resemblance about it, agriculture that Cain himself, and metallurgy that his workman son, might have been ashamed of : in public life, universal venality and corruption, in social life, ignorance and bigotry, and in private life, immorality of every kind—not ‘something,’ but everything, rotten in the state of Turkey—such is the picture.”

And yet he tells us all these need not be so. He tells us that the population, “town or country, is, as a rule, industrious, simple, thrifty, ingenious too, peaceable and orderly : if strongly attached to their own religion, they are tolerant of other creeds and practices to a degree rarely attained, even in Europe, and, with individual exceptions, they are as free from the grosser and worse forms of vice and crime as any nation under the sun.” The present extremity of rottenness he traces, not so much to the religion of Islam, as to the bad system of centralization introduced, as we have said, by Sultan Mahmoud. Before that ill-omened reign, he says, Turkey was not by any means a hopeless and lifeless despotism, but an aggregation of provinces, each of which had considerable vigour of departmental life and organization. The Janissaries and Ulemas at the capital, the Kara-Begs and Timarlees in the provinces, and the fully armed and warlike population everywhere, acted as wholesome checks on the “personal government” of the Sultan. We may be inclined not to think much of the security and internal freedom of a State, one of whose guarantees was such a body as the Janissaries, and, indeed, we are inclined to think that the writer before us draws somewhat on the resources of his imagination in his conceptions of the flourishing condition of the Turkish polity before the days of Mahmoud. But we can quite understand him when he speaks of the utterly evil and abominable condition of things which ensue when all the power and resources of the Empire were gathered up into the hands of a bureaucracy seated at Constantinople, the members of which were simple adventurers bent on their own enrichment and aggrandizement at the expense of the unfortunate provinces. There can be no true aristocracy in Turkey, no great families, no intelligent, active, industrious middle class, no professions leading

to honours and dignities, except, to a certain extent, that of arms. Certainly the system of Sultan Mahmoud—a miserable parody on the systems made fashionable in Europe by the French Revolution, and which have taken so much of their vigorous national life out of countries like France, Spain, and Italy—is quite enough, in the case of a country so greatly wanting in the elements of political strength as Turkey, to account for its absolute ruin.

We should, perhaps, have to find that the writer of whom we are speaking would not quite agree with us as to the immense social difficulties which must perforce exist under a religion like that of Islam, and in a race like the Turks, at heart and almost in every fibre of their being a barbarian race. But we are now only concerned with the result. We are tempted to quote the passage in which this writer describes the venality of the officials from the highest to the lowest, adding only, by way of caution, that this description, written so many years ago, would be, as far as we can gather, but a faint picture of the state of corruption which has prevailed since the close of the last war. He remarks on the extreme disproportion between the salaries of the higher and lower officials—

It is absurd, startling even; but, under the circumstances, not unnatural. While a "Walee," or Governor General, receives for what is, after all, very moderate work, the equivalent of four, five, or even six thousand pounds a year; while the Ministers resident at Constantinople itself, with the strings of the public purse in their hands, write themselves down at ten thousand a piece and more; while the Sultan disdains openly, and his favourites covertly, the constraints of a Civil List, the "Mudeer," or "Kaim-madan," to give him his Turco-Arabic title, is lucky if he can draw for as much as three hundred, and his subordinates, in turn, if they get ten or twenty pounds. Add to this that, except for obtaining the highest posts, where personal influence or connections may suffice for success, and excepting, again, instances of notorious and shameful favouritism, the recompense of services best left unspecified in European print, no office, no post, no favour, however small, is to be had throughout the Empire except for money. Every patron, every dispenser of good things, every great man, every Minister, the Sultan himself, one and all, have written up over their doors, not in letters of ink or gold, but in the yet more legible characters of unspoken, universal, irresistible custom, "To be bought." Hither come the suitors, a complete throng—for place-seeking grows in a nation as public spirit decays—and the Turks, once of all men the freest from this vice, are now the most widely tainted with it, a hopelessly degraded

thing to do ; for "take a turn and mend" who may, it will not be he who has once, in Eastern phrase, "sold the skin of his face ;" that is, bartered away the blush of shame for office-hunting, little likely ever to brace himself up again to the independence of honest work, or even of honest idleness. The purchase is effected, and the purchaser's next care is to make the most of his business by the retail sale of what he has himself bought wholesale, through every grade and function of his administration. Thus Stamboul is parodied in the "Konak" of every province, with this difference only, that the former plunders only to retain, while the latter retains indeed some part, but remits more.

The writer from whom these passages are quoted does not seem to think that the internal corruption and misery of the Turkish Empire will of necessity involve its fall at any very near point of time. The populations are too wretched to rise against their masters. We may remember also that, in his famous *Lectures on the Turks*, Cardinal Newman lays it down that their Empire will be most probably destroyed from without. Of course the events of the last few years were as yet future, both when the article in the *Quarterly* was written and when the *Lectures on the Turks* were delivered. What is certain is, that the consequences of the war with Russia and the treaty of Berlin have involved no changes for the better in the system of which we have just read the description. It would appear, indeed, that things are now far worse, if that be possible, at Constantinople than they were some years ago. The exhaustion of the Treasury has reached such a pitch, that the dominant idea in all in power, including, first and foremost, the Sultan himself, is to seize what they can lay hold of in the general scramble. The Turkish Court, if we are to use such an expression of a multitude of eunuchs and women, is a very expensive establishment to keep up, and though it has of course the first claim of all on the public money, it has actually been unable to pay its way with its ordinary tradesmen, and at one time its supplies seem actually to have been stopped. The Sultan has abolished, at the suggestion of an apparently honest adviser, the post of Grand Vizier, but the effect has been, not what that honest adviser intended, the appointment of a Prime Minister to whom the other Ministers are responsible, but the increase, if it could be increased, of the personal power of the Sultan, who now appoints all the Ministers, who are responsible each one to him and to no one else. The army is not paid, the subordinate officials are not paid, but the game of making

money on the part of the few men in power goes on apace. Many of our readers have no doubt made themselves acquainted with the papers lately communicated to the *Contemporary Review* on the "Systems of Administration in Turkey," but we shall take the liberty of drawing on his pages for a picture of the manner in which this one great industry of Turkish officials is carried on—

Let us suppose [says the writer] that a man desires a concession for the exploitation of a mine, the construction of a railway, or some other work of great public benefit and utility. His first step is to apply for it to the Prime Minister. By him he is referred to the department having to do with the branch of public affairs affecting his concession. Here it is taken into consideration by the Minister, and a council who assist him. Of these the Minister and one or two influential members have to be bribed. A favourable report having been secured, it is then referred to the section of the Council of State having cognizance of it. The Council of State consists of thirty members, who now never receive their salaries, and are dependent for their livelihood on bribes, unless they have private fortunes. In order to get a favourable report from the section, the influential members have again to be bribed. It is then referred from the section to a full Council, where the opposition is certain to be fierce, for by this time blackmailers have sprung into existence who having heard of the scheme, make counter proposals, which they have neither the capital nor intention of carrying out, simply for the purpose of being bought off. They enlist several members of the Council of State in their speculation, and all these have to be dealt with. Thus the concessioner, so far, has had three separate bodies of men to bribe, and has been put to an interminable delay, before he has been able to get the matter advanced even to this point. From the Council of State it goes up to the Council of Ministers; and here it must be borne in mind, that as the Ministers, owing to the impecunious condition of the country, no longer get paid their salaries, except in very small percentages on the whole amount at long intervals, the pecuniary consideration is a very important one indeed, and a most bitter enemy may be made, if a functionary who is in a state bordering on destitution, and who thinks he has a claim, is overlooked.

Moreover, the various stages through which every question has to pass are so numerous and complicated, that the amount of business is such that no Minister could accomplish it.

This arises from the fact that the Heads of Departments are not responsible for the business of their respective departments. Every Minister has to bring up for discussion before the Council of Ministers all matters connected with his office. He has no power to settle them on his own responsibility. More than this—the Council of Ministers

themselves have no power to settle anything definitely. Every measure after their decision has to go for final approval to the Palace. There are, as a rule, between three and four thousand questions, the accumulation of all the Departments of State, waiting to be settled by the Council of Ministers. The whole business of the country is therefore hopelessly blocked, the most important questions of politics and of finance have to be postponed indefinitely, pressing problems of internal administration remain unsolved, urgent claims of Foreign Powers or their subjects unsatisfied, and most advantageous proposals for the development of the country unattended to; while the accumulation goes on increasing, and the legacy of this description which one Cabinet leaves to another is so gigantic, that its successors abandon the task of grappling with it, and pursue the old system of trusting to the chapter of accidents, and hoping that the crash will not come at all events during their time, or that, if it does, they will be favourably placed for the general scramble.

The reason given for the preservation of the system is that it gives unexampled scope to the Ministers to make money.

When they have been sufficiently bribed, and the matter is brought forward, the leader of the opposite camp, probably secured by the black-mailers, or, at all events, seeing that his rivals and colleagues have evidently got a good thing in hand, is by no means disposed to allow them to have it all to themselves; after beginning by pretending to agree, he therefore slips in a little objection at the end of a most amiable and conciliatory speech, all the other Ministers who have not been dealt with support him, and the matter is postponed, as the Minister proposing the affair sees he cannot carry it. His opponents meantime are "approached," to use the conventional word for proposing a bribe, the bargain is struck with the concessioner, and the opposition is withdrawn. The affair is then transferred to the Palace, where the whole bribing process has to be gone through over again. And this is the reason why, even when a matter has been settled by the Cabinet, the decision is not allowed to be final; if it were, the Palace would lose its share of the plunder. In the case of a recent concession, £20,000 went to the Palace, of which £12,000 went to his Majesty direct. . . .

The Government of the country has really been transferred from the Cabinet to a Court cabal, consisting of a small and very select circle of the Sultan's intimates, and who share his fanaticism, his suspicion of all foreign interference, his consequent hatred of all schemes of reform, and his determination to thwart by every means in his power every proposal, no matter how desirable it may be in the interests of his Empire, which emanates from abroad. It is no secret that two, if not more, of this conclave are in the receipt of a permanent salary from the Power which, since the war, has assumed the rôle of private adviser and friend of Turkey, especially in all matters concerning the future of its Asiatic

provinces, and that acting under this influence their hostility to England is undisguised. This clique is presided over by the Sultan, and no affair, from the most important question of State to the smallest detail which has occupied the attention of the Cabinet, can be settled without its approval. It originates measures, and sends them down to the Cabinet to be agreed to and sent back; it arbitrarily rejects others which have originated in the Cabinet and been sent up for approval, or even returns those which have been unfavourably decided by the Cabinet for reversal of its decision and a report in the opposite sense. It is a nest of intrigue and corruption subject to no control, except that of the Sultan himself, the arbiter of the destinies of the Empire, and precipitating it at headlong speed to destruction.

Such is the present state of affairs at Constantinople. Not even the most energetic and industrious population in the world could stand such a system at head-quarters. The Turks may not be so bad as they have been painted, but they are not the most industrious and energetic population in the world. They require to be saved from their own Government, quite as much as the Greeks and Armenians require to be saved from the Government which is not their own. We shall speak, on a future occasion, of the "burning question" with reference to the Armenians which seems likely to force itself at once on the notice of Europe.

II.—CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of the "Month and Catholic Review."

SIR,—In an interesting article in your April number on the *Lay Folks' Mass-Book*, which I edited for the Early English Text Society, your reviewer (p. 588) observes upon two passages, which he very courteously characterizes as "unintentionally inaccurate."

The first is where (*Mass-Book*, pp. 225—228) I hazard a conjecture as to the date of Dan Jeremy's work from the paraphrase of *Communione Sanctorum* in the Apostles' Creed as "Housel is both flesh and blood." On this I venture to remark that at the date of the English translation, *housel*, though etymologically applying to both the bread and the wine of the Sacrifice, had come to be used exclusively of the species of bread. The quotation from Cardinal Pulleyn (p. 590) takes the same ground as the one in my note (p. 225) from St. Anselm in the previous century, "That whole Christ is received in either kind;" and though I am well aware that the doctrine of Transubstantiation is held to involve that which was afterwards called Concomitance, I was under the impression that his was the earliest extant example of explicit teaching on this point; and hence that I was justified in my inference that Dan Jeremy wrote after his time.

But this is trenching on controversy, which I have been most desirous to avoid; and you may perhaps think I was drawing a distinction without a difference. No question of this kind can arise as to your reviewer's observations as to the second passage. If you will look at what I say in my Introduction (p. xix.) you will see there is nothing about "the Mass being forced on a reluctant people," English or otherwise. We all know the Mass was celebrated in France from the first, and under that name—but it was according to the Gallican liturgy until the eighth century; and it was in reference to the "Gallican Church" that I spoke of "the forcing of the Roman rite upon a reluctant Church."

I am, Sir,

Your very obedient servant,

T. F. SIMMONS.

Dalton Holme, April 15, 1880.

III.—REVIEWS.

1. *Al-Kitáb-ul-mukaddas*. The Holy Bible, translated into Arabic by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus on the Syrian Mission. Beyrút, 1879. 8vo.

IT is a matter of great importance that each foreign mission should possess a faithful and exact translation of the Holy Scripture in the vernacular language, and wherever Catholic missionaries have carried the knowledge of the Gospel, they have invariably striven to impart the revealed truth not only by word of mouth, but also in written form to their new converts. It is not every translation which will tend to make our Holy Books the object of reverence. Only a very faithful rendering of the Sacred Text will adequately show the true difference between inspired writing and all the efforts of human genius. For this reason Catholic missionaries are most careful from the first to educate the ignorant natives so that they may be able to understand in its purity the revealed Word of God. This consideration has often been neglected by the missionaries of various religious denominations, and the consequence has been that barbarous translations of the Sacred Books have been spread abroad, by which too frequently the sublime truths of the Christian revelation have been brought into contempt, and the conversion of many who could not distinguish the work of men from the revealed Word of God has been prevented. Even if the Sacred Books had been translated in their integrity and without any wilful error by the missionaries of the different Protestant societies, it would still be true that the form in which these translations are commonly presented to the people, would make all veneration for the revealed Word of God impossible. I need not point out examples of the mistakes, often ludicrous, which occur in almost all Protestant translations into foreign languages, for they have provoked both mirth and anger, and are well known. It is sufficient to say that the Catholic translations are preferred by all scholars, not only because they are more complete and exact, but also on account of the higher excellence and purity of style. This superiority is for the most part a direct consequence of the watchfulness of the Church. No translation of the Bible can ever receive the sanction of ecclesiastical authority until it has been submitted to careful examination, and has been made intelligible by proper annotation.

This new Arabic version of the Holy Scripture meets all these requirements. Although several translations existed already in that language, it was nevertheless found necessary by the Catholic missionaries to attempt a new one. As far as we can judge from the first volume before us, the work has been executed with complete success. The Catholic missionaries were aware that they had to undo the bad effects of various Protestant translations already disseminated, and therefore they spared no trouble or expense. The necessary faculties were procured by the Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith, and the translation is published under the approval of the Latin Patriarch of Jerusalem, Mgr. Vincent Bracco. A comparison of a few passages with the other translations will show the care which has been taken in the new version to combine gracefulness of style with as close an adherence to the original text as the difference of the languages can possibly permit. In order to make the book more valuable and to exclude ambiguity, the vowel points have been added, so that in this respect also the work is not inferior to the most splendid editions of other religious books of the East. The labour of the editors must have been very great. New type of elegant design has been prepared, and the ornamental additions are both copious and judicious. The book may be considered a masterpiece of Oriental typography. The notes containing explanations of difficult and dogmatical passages are added at the end of the volume.

We can only express our hope that the same care will be taken in publishing the next two volumes to complete this admirable work. It is chiefly intended for the benefit of the Christians in the East, and for the propagation of our holy faith, but it will be useful in Europe as well as in Syria, for students of the Arabic language as well as for neophytes, for with all its literary excellence it is by its low price within the reach of every one who may desire to find an easy book in Arabic.

2. *Notizie e documenti inediti sulla vita di M. Giovanni Francesco Bonomi, Vescovo di Vercelli, &c.* Giuseppe Colombo B. Torino: Paravia e Comp. 1879.

The discovery of a number of Mgr. Bonomi's letters to St. Charles Borromeo in the Ambrosian Library was the cause of this interesting memoir. To any one who has read the history of the counter-Reformation, the name of the great

Bishop of Vercelli cannot be unfamiliar, and we have to thank Signor Colombo for his valuable addition to our knowledge of one of the great actors in the *gesta* of that glorious period.

John Francis Bonomi was born in 1536, of a good family of Cremona, and studied, as did all young men of those days, at some of the many Universities of his time. It was in that of Pavia that he formed a friendship, which had such influence on his after-life, with young Carlo Borromeo. When Pius the Fourth (Medici), the uncle of S. Charles, was raised to the Papal chair, and lifted his nephew to the highest dignities of the Church, Bonomi, then but twenty-four, was summoned to Rome by his college friend, and honours and advancement were poured upon him. The most delicate affairs were intrusted to him, and he showed himself fully worthy of the trust reposed in him. The rich benefice of the Abbey of Nonantula, which the Cardinal of Santa Prassede transferred to Bonomi, was looked upon by him not as a mere accession to his fortune, but as bearing with it grave responsibilities, which he scrupulously fulfilled. Like a true friend, he did not hesitate, while rendering every service to the great Archbishop of Milan, to tell him freely his mind whenever he conscientiously differed from him. In 1572 the Abbot exchanged his benefice with St. Charles' nephew, the Bishop of Vercelli, and so succeeded that prelate in his important see. Faithfully and courageously he fulfilled his new duties, regularly summoning his synods, enlarging his seminary, and introducing the Barnabites and the Jesuits into his episcopal city. His reforms, especially the introduction of the Roman liturgy, met with serious opposition and called forth his patience and his firmness. His restorations of the Cathedral were rewarded by the discovery of the body of St. Eusebius of Vercelli, the bishop who had fought and suffered with St. Athanasius for the Divinity of our Lord. The nine years which Mgr. Bonomi spent in Nunciatures to various Courts prevented him carrying out his wish to translate solemnly these revered relics.

Weak and delicate as he was, devotedly attached to his see and to his work as bishop, and with a strong natural love for his own beautiful native land, he never hesitated before the command of the Sovereign Pontiff to engage in the most laborious and even dangerous journeys. Spite of the penal laws of the Grisons, he went with Father Adorno, the well known Jesuit preacher, through the Valtellina administering

the sacraments to the Catholics, reforming abuses, and strengthening the down-trodden flock. Gregory the Thirteenth sent him as his Nuncio to Switzerland, a post of the gravest difficulty. There he founded the celebrated Jesuit College of Fribourg, a centre of such blessings for so many years. As he passed one day by Berne, a crowd was gathered to witness an execution. No sooner did the mob see the prelate than they cried out that the thief should be freed and the Nuncio hung. He took refuge in an hostelry, and all the good Protestants of Berne seem to have gathered round it howling for his blood. At last the *Avoyer* of the city came and liberated the Bishop from his foes.

In 1581, Mgr. Bonomi was sent as Nuncio to Vienna, and took part in the Diet of Augsburg. Two years later he was ordered to accompany Cardinal Andrew of Austria on a more perilous embassy. The Prince Bishop of Cologne had embraced the Reform in the usual fashion by taking a wife, and it looked as if another Electorate of the Empire and the grandest Cathedral of the North were both to pass into Protestant hands. The Cardinal's instructions were to depose the recreant apostate; but when he reached Alsace his heart failed him—he dared not beard the lion in his den. Bonomi, laying aside all tokens of his state, pushed boldly on to Cologne, published the sentence of excommunication and deposition, and deprived of their dignity those canons who had sided with the fallen Archbishop. He then summoned the remainder of the Chapter, who elected Ernest of Bavaria to the vacant see. In the midst of the war which followed this bold action, the Nuncio supported the faltering courage of the new Archbishop, and to him Cologne owes her faith. Belgium, Bohemia, Dalmatia, all were witnesses to Bonomi's zeal. He it was who finally quelled the party of revolt which continued to uphold Le Bay and his errors in the University of Louvain. In Belgium, in fact, worn out with his labours and with severe rheumatism, the holy Bishop of Vercelli went to his rest, in the city of Liege, though only fifty years of age.

Signor Colombo has done his work carefully, and it is a pleasure to see in it evidences of serious historic research and a complete freedom from rhetorical panegyric, so often a blot in Italian literature.

3. *English Men of Letters*. Edited by John Morley.—*Goldsmith*. By William Black.
Defoe. By William Minto. London: Macmillan and Co.

This series of short biographical sketches, now running on for a considerable time, was a happy thought of the editor, as it places within the reach of a class which has neither time nor, perhaps, inclination for extensive reading, an opportunity of gaining acquaintance with the personal history, character, and works of our best English writers. Though the undertaking has not in each case been achieved with equal success, yet the selection of well-known men of letters for the purpose has secured careful and skilful handling of the subject, and the best chance of sound, impartial criticism. While we may afterwards turn to notice others of the list, the two Lives named above serve as fair samples of the style and aim of these short biographies. In the Lives both of Defoe and Goldsmith the reader has the advantage of opinions formed from the study not only of earlier and more elaborate works, but of the most recent researches into new facts respecting them, as well as the latest criticisms that have been passed upon their writings. Mr. Minto has made good use of Mr. William Lee's valuable discovery of six secret letters written by Defoe, which lay unnoticed in the State Paper Office till the year 1864. As a partisan who tried to combine fairly sincere patriotism with the motives of a very keen-eyed self-interest, and in his political essays trimmed with each party that rose into power, Defoe became most discredibly skilled in the arts of deception.¹ While Mr. Lee interprets in good part the revelations of the discovered correspondence, the writer before us pronounces a different verdict. As a whole this Life of the author of *Robinson Crusoe* does full justice to his marked abilities as a man of letters, at the same time that it presents to us, in as favourable a light as possible, the very unloveable ingredients of Defoe's character.

With all Goldsmith's peculiarities and faults, it is a great

¹ He built in Church Street, Stoke Newington, a handsome house, backed by extensive pleasure grounds. The interior arrangements of this house, which was pulled down little more than ten years ago, were so designed as to enable him to conceal or fortify himself against the servants of the law. The cellars were supplied with bolts which could be drawn back only from inside, and there were several hiding-places in the shape of double secret cupboards and unsuspected sliding panels, so cleverly contrived as to have escaped the notice of the last occupiers of the mansion till after they had been several years in the house. In one part there was a good deal of space unaccounted for.

relief to turn to his Life by Mr. William Black, after reading the miserable and mysterious ending of one who, notwithstanding all his prudence and calculation, died in penury and abandonment, an exile from his home.

From very different causes Goldsmith was perhaps as inconstant, harassed, and disappointed a man. Unlike Defoe, he cared neither for wealth nor fame, and yet as the authors of the two most popular fictions in our language—*The Vicar of Wakefield* and *Robinson Crusoe*—both felt alike that “innocently to amuse the imagination in this dream of life is wisdom.” For his starting-point Black has chosen the copious and valuable *Life and Times of Oliver Goldsmith* by Mr. Forster, and his objection to its tone of complaint against the country at large for despising and neglecting Goldsmith suggests the character which he has given to his own biography. He has a true love and admiration for Oliver’s amiable and tender-hearted traits of natural disposition, the charm, rich humour, and vivacity of his style, the beautiful flowing grace of his poetry; yet he cannot but acknowledge Goldsmith’s blundering want of self-confidence, his reckless and unmeaning expenditure of the sums which his writings brought in to him, and the weakness of his good-nature which made him the sport of minds far less generous than his own, for, while he was extremely sensitive, he was most ready to forgive. In fact, Goldsmith was his own enemy, and everybody else’s friend, which made him very much the author of his own misfortunes. The writer, however, brings forward several instances of ignorant and malicious censures passed by individuals upon one whom it was too much the custom to stigmatize as a vain and infatuated fool. He amuses us much by examples of Boswell’s jealousy of Oliver Goldsmith, on account of the esteem and affection felt towards him, and the favours shown to him by Dr. Johnson. At the early age of forty-five, Goldsmith began to suffer from depression of spirits; and failing health made him irritable and capricious in temper. His debts increased, and he became embroiled in disputes with the booksellers. Yet at this time the humorous lines of *Retaliation* were written as the last effort of a bright and happy genius, that was soon to be extinguished for ever. On the 25th of March of the year 1774, when only forty-six, he took to his bed for the last time, prostrated by a nervous fever. A medical man, observing that his pulse was more disordered than the fever warranted, asked him if his mind was

at ease. "No, it is not," was the reply, and these were his last words. On April 4th, the troubled brain and the sick heart found rest for ever. Notwithstanding the praise afterwards accorded to the memory of Goldsmith, it is a shock to be reminded that none of his literary friends visited him during his sickness, and that neither Johnson, Reynolds, Burke, nor Garrick followed his body to the grave.

IV.—NOTICES.

1. *The Pilgrim's May Wreath*, interwoven with sweet memories of our forefathers' devotion to the Mother of Jesus and our Mother. By the Rev. F. Thaddeus, O.S.F. London: Burns and Oates, 1880.—The excellent treatises upon Old English Devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary which we owe to the zeal of Father Bridgett and Mr. Waterton have shown that it is a great mistake to suppose that the fervent service of the "Mother of Jesus and our Mother" is due to later development of doctrine. The facts, at least in England, go directly against any notion of the kind. The love and reverence which it is our delight to offer to the Queen of Heaven in the face of this unbelieving generation may seem very deep and strong by contrast with the cold suspiciousness and ill-concealed dislike of her which form part of the Protestant tradition; but our best efforts are really little more than a feeble imitation of the spontaneous piety of our ancestors. In brighter days every nook and corner of "Merrie England" bore witness in some sacred shrine to the national devotion. It is a happy thought to weave a garland of English flowers for our Lady's Month by assigning to every day thereof a local memory fragrant with her name. For each day of the month we find in this "May Wreath" an historical notice of some English shrine, a meditation on one of the virtues of our Blessed Lady, a prayer, and an anecdote drawn from English sacred history. We are surprised to find no intimation in the Preface that the author is acquainted with the very carefully compiled list of shrines which forms the Appendix to Mr. Waterton's *Pietas Mariana Britannica*; for within the necessarily narrow limits of orthodox literature in England it surely ought not to happen that a work of exceptional merit, written by a Catholic, should remain unknown to other Catholics who take a very particular interest in the subject of which it treats.

2. "*Eutropia*, or How to find a way out of Darkness and Doubt into Light and Certainty." By the Rev. F. Pius Devine, Passionist (Burns and Oates)—is evidently the production of a cultivated theologian, who is desirous of applying his learning to the laudable purpose of helping wandering souls back into the fold of the Church. It is possible that Father Pius has embraced too many different topics, to each of which he can give but a small space, for his work to be quite

satisfactory as a manual for all possible converts. He gives us an account in successive chapters, of Atheists, Pantheists, Materialists, Deists, Sceptics, Sentimentalists, Jews, Mahometans, Unitarians, Quakers, Calvinists, Universalists, Bible Christians, Presbyterians, Lutherans, Anglicans, Greeks, and Ritualists. It is almost inevitable that this bird's-eye view of all possible denominations—or rather of a certain number of possible denominations—outside the Catholic fold, should not involve a very minute examination of any one of them. Father Pius gives a curious reason for writing his book. No reason whatever was wanted, for it is a mistake to suppose that we have at all too many books of this kind. But Father Pius tells us that the majority of books of this order proceed from the hands of converts, and that each convert approaches the Church by a different path, and so is liable to the mistake of thinking that his own particular path is the only one, or the best of all, for others. We think this doctrine is mistaken. Converts have very various histories, and the point at which they are first attracted, in the providence of God, to the Catholic truth may vary very much in different cases. But converts do not become Catholics, if their conversion is to be solid and stable, on different grounds at all. There is only one foundation, and no man can lay another. And we think it is only natural that many of the very best books for the conversion of others should be the works of converts, and that these, when they have mastered the theology and system of the Church, are very often the persons who can serve other searchers after truth better than others, because they can the most perfectly understand their difficulties. But, as we have already said, Father Pius need not have sought for any apology for adding his own contribution to the literature of this subject. His book is well written, and will, we have no doubt, be of much use to many souls.

3. M. Ribot's work, *Le Role Social des Idées Chrétiennes, suivi d'un exposé critique des Doctrines Sociales de M. de Play*. 2 vols. (Plon, Paris) is one of a class of which the French public is more fond than our own countrymen, who are by no means given to the abstract. It would be well if we were more so. In regard, however, of the direct subject of the volumes of which we are speaking, we have happily as yet not so much need for directing our common modes of thought, as many nations of the Continent. A great part of the first of these two volumes is taken up with the discussion of the evil influences of the Revolutionary spirit, the spirit of society without religion, on the happiness and general condition of the people. As a contrast to this discussion, we find in the following chapters the benefits which the Church and religion can confer, either in the preservation of the social fabric, or in its restoration. The second volume opens with a long chapter, in several sections, on the means to be adopted for restoring to religion the influence which it has lost. This chapter is full of very practical hints and suggestions. The work ends with a very interesting account of the doctrines of M. le Play. These doctrines are, in the main, the

Catholic doctrines of society adapted to the present time, and, though we can imagine some not very wise or well informed persons to whom they will appear to deserve that greatly abused epithet, "Liberal," it would not be easy to point out any flaw in their perfect orthodoxy. It is certainly striking to Englishmen to find their own country the object of so much warm admiration on the part of the Catholic philosophers of the present time. Whether we are quite so sound as they think us, may perhaps be questioned—but it is at all events gratifying to know that our system contains so many points which may make us and keep us so.

4. We have before us two very interesting and useful volumes by Père Bonniot, one of the writers in the French Review of the Society of Jesus, the *Etudes Religieuses Philosophiques, Historiques et Littéraires*. In one of these volumes, called *Le Miracle et les Sciences Médicales*, the author goes into the whole question of hallucinations, apparitions, and ecstasies, true and false. The book is occasioned by the attack on the supernatural, which has resulted, in France, from the unquestioned effects of pilgrimages to Lourdes and other shrines, which have forced the enemies of religion, too many of whom are to be found among the notabilities of the medical profession, to attribute all these phenomena to natural but, at the same time, inexplicable and inadequate causes, such as hysteria, the power of the imagination, the nerves, and the like. This line of argument makes it necessary for the defenders of the supernatural to show the difference between the phenomena in the two cases, and Père Bonniot has written a most entertaining as well as a most conclusive treatise on this subject. He points out very amusingly that, if the imagination has the power of curing diseases and producing the other marvellous results of which the experience of the devout visitors at Lourdes is full, the medical profession ought to welcome the use of the imagination in this way as a most beneficial discovery, instead of railing at it as they do. But there are few, even among the learned, who will not derive both instruction and entertainment from the pages of this little book. Père Bonniot's other volume, *Les Malheurs de la Philosophie*, is a clear and trenchant exposure of the false philosophies so prevalent in our day, especially in France—positivism, sensationism, scientific materialism, and the like.

5. *The Catechism of Perseverance*. By Mgr. Gaume. Translated from the Tenth French Edition. In four vols. Vol. II. Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son, 1880.—We note with satisfaction the appearance of the second volume of this very useful work. There is a large and constantly increasing class of Catholics in this country who feel the need of such aid as the Abbé Gaume's great work provides. It was intended in France to strengthen the convictions of young men born to the faith; it will do good service in England by furnishing both men and women, young and old, with ready answers to inquiring friends.

6. *The Passion Play at Ober Ammergau in the Summer of 1871*, by the Rev. Gerald Molloy, D.D. (Burns and Oates), has been noticed before

in these pages. This fourth edition is so opportune in its appearance that it will find very many readers, and it deserves to do so for its own merits also. *The History of St. Patrick's Cathedral, Armagh*, by the Rev. John Galloghy, C.C. (Dublin: M. H. Gill and Son), is a tribute of affectionate remembrance to the memory of the great and good men to whom Ireland owes that noble edifice worthy of her faith. *The Apparition at Knock*, by Sister Mary Frances Clare, gives an account, condensed from the depositions of witnesses, of the now famous apparitions, which still await the judgment of the Church. The profits from the sale of the book will go to the sufferers by famine. *Anglican Jurisdiction: Is it Valid?* A letter to a friend, by J. D. Breen, O.S.B. (Burns and Oates), is a sequel to the earlier work of the same author. It is a friendly endeavour to simplify a good deal of unnecessary confusion about matters of fact. *A Sketch of the Life and Mission of St. Benedict*, by a Monk of St. Gregory's Priory, Downside (John Hodges, London), reminds us with great justice, on occasion of the fourteenth centenary of the Saint's birth, how much we owe to him not only in common with all Catholics, but as Englishmen also. *Practical Notes on Moral Training*, with Preface by Father Gallwey, S.J. (Burns and Oates), may be read with profit by all who are charged in any capacity with the care of forming the minds and hearts of the rising generation. *Sketches of the Lives of Dominican Saints of olden times*, by M. K. (M. H. Gill and Son), will be accepted as a useful contribution to a class of spiritual books of which we can scarcely have too many. *Voices from the Heart*, by Sister Mary Alphonsus Downing (M. H. Gill and Son), a little volume of sacred poems possessing considerable literary merit, will claim admiration of another order from those who are acquainted with the history of its author, famous thirty years ago, when she wrote fierce war-songs with rapid pen, and went by the name of "Mary of the Nation." We must content ourselves with mentioning the following publications: *Ora pro nobis* (James Duffy and Sons), a spiritual diary, with pious sentiments for each month and day; *Three Rosaries of Our Lady* (Burns and Oates); *Tried and not Found Wanting*, a page in the Life of a London crossing-sweeper, by Lord F. G. Godolphin Osborne, M.A. (M. H. Gill and Son); *The Lord's Prayer*, by St. Thomas Aquinas, being the third number of the series of Little Books of the Holy Ghost (Burns and Oates); *The Life and Labours of St. Augustin, Bishop of Hippo Regis*, by the Very Rev. Ulick J. Canon Bourke (M. H. Gill and Son); *The Doctrine of the Immaculate Conception of the Blessed Virgin Mary*: an English version of the Decree by which it was defined, by the same author; *The Last Monarch of Tara*, by Eblana (M. H. Gill and Son); *The Diadem of Stars*, and other tales from the Spanish, by Mariano Monteiro (John Chisholm); *The Little Golden Treasury of the Sacred Heart* (John Chisholm); *The Strike, and the Drunkard's Death*, reprinted from *Sick Calls*, by Father Price (Burns and Oates).

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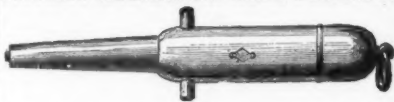
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